



A YOUTH CULTURE MAGAZINE

WINTER 2000

SAVANT

A Youth Culture Magazine

Arts and Communication
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Letter from the Editor:

There is something about seeing your labor, whether it be a story or artwork, in print that is, well, romantic. I cannot think of a word that better describes the sensation I experienced the first time I opened a *Savant* and saw the story and layout I had meticulously toiled over for weeks set in the proverbial stone. I felt somehow connected to the many people since Gutenberg's invention who have used print media - from revolutionaries to the guy selling *Street Roots* in front of Powell's - to disseminate their point. The periodical is as varied as its exploiters and can contain information anywhere from what one might read over coffee in the morning to riot instigating.

You have access to this re-

source right now, literally at your fingertips. *Savant* is a forum for any member of our Arts and Communication community to get his or her views to every other member. I'm not only directing this statement at students either. Parents, teachers, administrators, local artists and business owners . . . you are a part of this community also. I don't expect everyone to have a love for publications as I do (in fact, I would probably be worried by anyone who did) but it is your forum and I expect it to be used. Having just completed the first term of my senior year, and third year at A&C, I know that if there is one thing this school has plenty of, it's opinions. The next time you see anything you feel needs to be addressed, take a few minutes to write it down (appropriately

please, I hate censorship) and send it our way. The same thing goes for creative writing and artwork, as we will soon be publishing our school's art and literature anthology, *effigy*.

There is a small but dedicated staff whose only purpose in life (during sixth period at least) is to compile the rantings and ravings of this community. Bring meaning to these poor dears' lives - submit to publications.

Caitlin Scholl
Editor, *Savant - A Youth Culture Magazine*

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JERK'S J



Editor's Note

by Ardy Fatehi

At the beginning of the school year I was told that I must create and maintain a department in the upcoming issue of *Savant* to pass publications. I immediately knew the best way to reflect my personality, so right away I had a name for my department: Jerk's Journal. However, there was one problem. I knew the name of my department, but I didn't know what the purpose of Jerk's Journal would be. So I spent the next few months searching for answers. I looked to myself, I observed my peers, and I watched the world spin, I even tried writing (actually I didn't but I thought about it a couple of times) but still, I found no answers. Then the time came, and David Sikking asked me for my article. I replied, "Okay Dave." He never got a thing from me. I was in real trouble. Not only was I stumped with writer's block, but I was letting down people who put their trust in me, people I committed to. I felt terrible. Not necessarily because I was being irresponsible and letting down people who trusted me, but because I had writer's block. It was pissing me off. And so I started being a jerk.

That's when it hit me one night. I was at the park in my car with a friend and we were listening to Bob Marley.

The Rastafarian beats and ingenious lyricism of Bob Marley and the Wailers started a flame within me that had before been extinguished by formalism. It went a little something like this:

"We be jammin' . . . I wanna jam it with you . . . We're jammin' . . . (we're jammin', we're jammin', we're jammin') . . . and I hope you like jammin' too."

I went home that night and did absolutely nothing that would have been beneficial to the current situation, but the next day I began writing and stopped being a jerk. It was as if I hit a peak of enlightenment. Being a jerk proved to be therapeutic. Maybe it meant that by being a jerk I let out all of my negative emotions and was filled with happiness; or it may mean that hurting people helps me deal with my own insecurities. (I'm hoping it wasn't the latter of the two possibilities.) Whatever it was, it helped.

Now don't get me wrong, I'm not saying that being filled with negative energy and hurting others will make you feel better. No, I'd never say that, I'd be pretty sick in the head if I thought that. There's a boundary that surrounds the art of Jerkness. You never want to hurt anyone with your smartass comments, that's just plain mean. There's a big difference between being a jerk and a genuine jackass. Although my friends may argue that I don't understand that fine line, I still acknowledge its existence. At least I try to anyway. (Listen to me, I'm making an ass out of myself aren't I?) Yeah, well I don't care. I think the reason I'm really writing this is to justify my jerk: actions and behavior, not this damn school publication department. Is there any purpose to it? Probably, but I don't think I can prove its validity to anyone who's not a jerk and

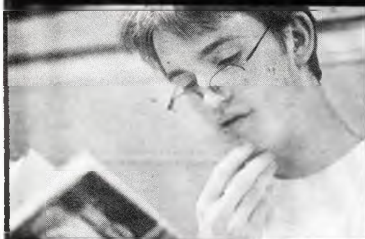
refuses to accept the entertainment value behind it.

All I know is that when I get mad I become a jerk, and it's when I enter this state of being that I resolve my problems. The art to it is balancing being a jerk with out hurting anyone. I don't know anyone who's mastered the art of jerkness yet, obviously not even myself. (But I do know practice makes perfect.) Essentially in Jerk's Journal I've compiled a group of correspondents that share a common characteristic. They're jerks. And by providing a forum for jerks, like myself, to be jerks, I'm giving the opportunity for others to practice their jerkness without hurting people they care about unintentionally. (Notice I only mentioned the people they care about and the unintentional harm they may cause. That right there is a perfect example of being a jerk. I'm not hurting a particular person or a classification of persons, my smartass remarks just simply lightened up the mood a bit. That primarily is what being a jerk is all about and that is what I hope Jerk's Journal can bring. Unfortunately my jerk juices were not up to par at the time this article was due. (two weeks ago) and I will not be writing a feature for this issue of *Savant*. However, I have compiled a team of journalists, which I call the Omega Force, to write for this installment of Jerk's Journal. Whether they're being a jerk, defining a jerk, or examining the jerkness factor in society, their words will be filled with honesty.

One thing you must remember is that jerks are the way they are because that's who they are. Although sometimes we fail, we jerks don't want to hurt anyone, emotionally anyway. In fact, we just want be loved. Because like my man Bob explains it: all we're doing is jammin', and we want to jam it with you. Because while we're jammin', we hope you like jammin' too.

O U R A I

Origins of the Jh-air-kay



by John Dougherty

I was recently sitting amongst Portland's finest (from an economic standpoint that is . . .), sipping the complementary lime-dashed water and eating freshly baked tortilla shells (this is what the upper-class refer to as "chips"). The waiter has approached my associates and I several times to take our order but, since we had not a cent in our pockets, we decided not to order anything. However, we did a fantastic job of amusing the waiter each time he visited. "So my good man, if I ordered the cod lobster, would that be violating my daily salt intake." As our young garçon stared in bewilderment, after giving an unsatisfactory answer, we asked if we could trouble him for a few more minutes. This cycle had been circulating for a good hour, as we drank several pitchers of lime-dashed water and consumed several platters (upper-class term) of freshly baked tortilla shells. We had skillfully filled ourselves without spending a cent, which, as mentioned, we had none of. We were not a very convincing group trying to pull-off an upper-class lifestyle, since two of us weren't wearing shoes, and the rest of us were wearing ties over shirts that said " - - - the government." Setting aside our appearance and our cunning conversational skills with the young garçon, it was our goal to be treated like a Nike executives for at least a few minutes.

Before our exit from the upper-

class lifestyle,, I happened to observe a unique mental complex that has been overlooked for thousands of years.

At the table next to us sat a young couple with a lovely baby . . . at first glance, I noticed two things: the mother treated that baby like a piece of gold bouillon and in every conventional sense, she was being a wonderful mother. On the other hand the baby yelled and roared dissatisfaction, at one point, the little bastard tugged and cried for five straight minutes on his mother's blouse, hating the world since he didn't have his milk bottle. Finally, the lovely mother appeased her child with the bottle. I was expecting a romantic embrace between the child and his bottle, but to my dismay, I got the opposite. The bottle quickly went to the child's lips, followed by a disgusted facial expression, and then came the regurgitation of milk onto the poor mother's face. The baby threw the bottle several times across the room and began to cry louder than ever. The little bastard got what he wanted, but he wasn't satisfied.

Puzzled by the child's behavior, I glanced to my right and noticed the gentlemen next to us. Now these were some superior fellows, decked out in several hundreds of dollars worth of fabrics I'd never heard of. The intensity of their conversation grew as they started preaching such words as "bonds" and "mortgage rates," they were a serious bunch. Every now and then their intensity was loosened when they made random comments about the sixteen year old female waitresses. One of these men (who I almost approached for an autograph thinking it was the incredible Don Johnson) had ordered a fresh cup of Colombian coffee. He spent at least five minutes ordering this cup of coffee, which boggled my mind since I had no clue how one could spend that much time ordering a simple cup of coffee. I guess the man knows

how he likes his coffee. However, when the waiter returned with his \$36 cup of coffee, it was not worthy of the man's taste. He slowly sipped his coffee in the presence of the waiter, not before saying, "bout time." Upon his sip, the man gave the same reaction as the baby did, a look of disgust, spitting in the waiter's face, a throwing of a cup, and whining.

I began to analyze the occurrences that had taken place. I purchased a note pad, a pack of pencils, a big eraser, a book on Colombian coffee and the *Idiot's Guide to Metaphysics*. After in-depth study, I was yet to receive the answers I was looking for. The hours of study and the millions of cups of coffee rendered useless. Essentially my goal was to find what mean looks, spitting in people's faces, throwing things and whining have in common. I headed for the dictionary. 968 pages and three months later, I was yet to find a word that fit these characteristics properly, until one day I stumbled on the perfect word for what was I observing at the restaurant and what it was that I was burning to find an answer for. The psychological troubles were satisfied with one word, "jerk."

Jerks, "Who are they?", "Where did they come from?" and "What's wrong with them?" Just some of the few questions that puzzle our everyday lives. I set out in search of these answers, the following are my conclusions.

"Who are they?"

By definition a "jerk" is someone who is simply a foolish or stupid person. "Jerk" can also be defined as a "pushing of weight from shoulder length to a position overhead," this explains the throwing of cups and spitting. However, society has dictated its own definition, as well as history, according to a Professor of Psychology at the Academy of Arts and Excellence, "jerk" is defined by "impractical and illogical acts of the Jh-air-kay. So I set out to find just who the Jh-air-kay was.

"Where did they come from?"

Upon further inspection, I came to see that the "Jh-air-kay" myths are firmly implanted in our modern consciousness. The term "Jh-air-kay" can be found in the early transcripts of over a hundred modern civilizations, each defining their own basis as to what it meant, although they all derived from the same basis.

Many historians direct the term's origin to ancient Persia, where it was used in reference to males who were seeking wives or sexual partners. A male would approach a female, and instead of asking her to marry him, he would often times grab her hair from the back and pull her to the ground. At the time, representing honor for women, the term "Jh-air-kay" referred to the pulling of the hair. But as time progressed it was not seen as honorary, but rather as something a big, dumb, foolish person did to attract the opposite sex. This sign of honor came back for awhile in the early 1900's, but was made illegal due to a growing womens' rights voice.

Some historians credit another influential source. In Pagan Rome, the year 26 A.D., a group of revolutionaries formed an opposition to the dominating aristocrats. This band of rebels dwelled in present-day Sicily, forming a new religious sect who believed in rage and physical exertion as a means of retribution. This group of original "Jh-air-kists," ran around the streets of Italy punching random people in the face and skidadling away like cowards. They called their belief "Jh-air-kism."

History progressed and soon the "Jh-air-kists" actions were rendered useless and ineffective but a few continued to follow the ideologies of "Jh-air-kism"

CONTINUATION
ON PAGE

The Continuation of John Dougherty's

Orgins of the Jh-air-kay

and partook in many movements with the intent of helping the philosophy spread. Such actions have been recorded up until 1956, when a man sipping coffee in Venice was approached and punched while the culprit ran away yelling on about "Jh-air-kistic" philosophies.

Through the pages of human evolution there has been several hundred theories on the "Jh-air-kay" origin. We must now understand the following.

"What is wrong with them?"

Interestingly enough, scientists have recently discovered a scientific explanation as to why certain people act the way they do. According to our anonymous source, whom we will refer to as Dr. Mike Anderson, genetics researchers have recently uncovered evidence that "Jh-air-kay" sufferers have a genetic deficiency. The past hundred years have been very productive in the investigation of what we are made of, genetically speaking. Basic investigation has shown us that the genetic code is comprised of a four letter sequence, using letters GATC, with an occasional U. Dictated by the arrangement of these letters in your DNA strands, the human body stands alone from others.

However, what happens when something goes wrong? After all, no tenor sings perfectly all the time. These mishaps in the fascinating world of genetics are referred to as "mutations." Without mutations, every human would be the same, but some mutations can be more hazardous than others. Doctor Anderson versed me on a little known mutation, known in the upper-class medical world as *Jh-air-kay complex*, or *Jhoairhkayexpliniris*. The first discovery of this complex came with the discovery of early Neanderthal corpses frozen in northern Russia. As history progressed, the complex went nearly extinct around the time of the Renaissance, but today can be found in almost 1 out of

every 75 humans.

Scientific investigation has given us one explanation: when the genetic structure of a fetus is assembled, a "mutation" can occur between the "G" sequence and the "T" sequence, thus forming the infamous "J" sequence. An elementary explanation can be done by putting the letters G and T atop one another, creating a new character "TG," so at this point an obvious J appears. Or on others terms, the "Jh-air-kay" genetic sequence.

Perhaps genetic engineering can eventually be put to good use in preventing such a biological tragedy.

Be that as it may, the ancient Meso-American tribe of the Susqueien Indians have another explanation. After several years of irregular droughts in spring-time, the tribe gathered on

Mount Moztanchee to pray for water to appease the earth. Following the prayer the Indians waited 40 days in hunger for a sign from the gods. The product of the wait was the sudden birth of a child by one of the tribes elders. As the child grew, rains continued to stay away, and the child began practicing prayers to the destructive gods, those of fire, wind and water. All his prayers were answered.

One day, as the tribe began to build a hatred for the child, the chief asked the child, "Why you manage to destroy our earth?" The child responded, "You summoned me when you did not strive for your own resolution." Upon his later sacrifice, he entered the spirit world as the "Jh-air-kay" god.

Perhaps all modern "Jh-air-kay" sufferers are descendants of the Susqueieu god, and it is our fault for sum-

moning them.

Time has passed, and the world has changed. The evolution of human consciousness has rendered the "Jh-air-kay" socially insignificant. But why? Does it serve us to use reason?

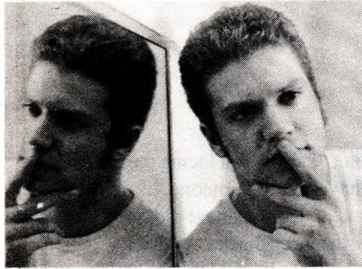
So now, less than four years since my exile from the upper-class, I sip a cup of coffee, think how damn good it is and thank the waiter who brought it. I praise the good spirits and warriors who watch over me for not giving me such a mental and physical handicap.

In the evenings I go atop the steep slopes of the West Hills and, looking west, I pray thankfully. The amount of senseless acts of foolishness perhaps will never decline, but let us pray for a day when we can see the wave finally break, and begin to roll back.



Because I'm Nice and People Like Me:

An Advice Column by Scott Johnson



When I created Jerk's Journal I knew right away I wanted Scott to write for it. Someone suggested something about an advice column. Immediately I thought how great it would be if people asked for advice on serious issues and Scott (with all the sincerity in the world) would give his thoughts on their situation. I approached Scott with my proposition and he agreed to give his advice. The response was outstanding. I never knew so many students at C. E. Mason had so many problems. Even those who didn't take the advice box seriously created a forum in which Scott could easily chastise their failed attempts at humor. And now I present to you in its original form, C.E. Mason student's problems and Scott's advice. -Ardy

To whom it may concern:

My boyfriend thinks that I am too big a flirt, but I just have a lot of guy friends. How should I tell him I only like him?

Sincerely,
Friendly Girl

Dear Friendly Girl,

You know what to do.
Your Buddy,
Scott

Dear Advice Dude,

My "lady friend" and I have been getting real close lately. She was supposed to leave for college in November, but due to recent occurrences, she feels it'd be best if she stayed a little longer to "judge the seriousness of our relationship." What relationship? I thought it was purely sexual. I like her

a lot but I don't know about this sort of commitment. Help!

Sincerely,
Dug My Own Grave

Dear Dug Your Own Grave,

You should have known this was going to happen. If you have any type of thing sexual more likely than not the girl is going to get attached. You idiot! That's the way it works. Fortunately you're still in high school and eventually she'll probably dump you. So enjoy it while it lasts.

Hugs and Kisses,
Scott

Problem Solver:

I've been falling behind in school lately. I used to be a good student, but now I'm lazy. [redacted]

Sincerely,
Dazed and Confused

Dear Dazed and Confused,

Cut your hair, you stupid hippie. Get some normal pants and ditch the tyedye. Straighten up and join the marines.

Sincerely,
Scott

Dear Advisor,

Help me! I can't think of a question to ask!

Because you are stupid.
Sincerely,
Scott

Dear Advice Giver,

I have a student who keeps calling me "jackass." What am I to do?

Sincerely,
Jacked, but not an ass

Dear Jacked,

You are a fool. You have a position of authority yet do nothing to prevent this student from making a mockery out of you in front of your students. Take the student aside and discuss the extreme

lack of respect he/she has towards you. Basically, you are in control and you want to stop being "jacked," explain this to your offender. If this does not work use the front end of your bumper when you exit the parking lot.

Sincerely,
Scott

To Whom It May Concern,

Your such a [redacted] you tale gufey [redacted] muther [redacted]

Dear Moronic Fool,

You fool, what kind of intelligence do you have if you can't even spell tall, goofy, or mother. Nobody likes you.

You fool,
Scott

Dear Scott,

I'm going with someone and this other girl wants to go with me. What should I do?

Dear Stud,

What she don't know can't hurt her. You decide.

Dear Advisor,

I'm pathetic. What do I do? How can I change myself?

Sincerely,
Pathetic

Dear Pathetic Fool,

Unless you tell me what is pathetic about you I can offer no advice. Other than work out and get into shape, dress more aesthetically, and be more specific.

Sincerely,
Scott

Dear Scott,

I am a sophomore this year. Last year, a few of the juniors made up a duragatory "nick-name" for me. They still call me this name to this day. Every night I go running home and cry into my pillow. I don't have the courage to confront them about this. What should I do?

Sincerely,
A Half European-Dutch
and Half Native American

Dear Tonto,

At least they talk to you. What you should do is give another person a nickname and hope it takes the attention off you Tonto. Light up and don't cry all the time,

-Scott

Dear Advice Man,

Everyone hates my girlfriend. What should I do?

Sincerely,
Bro's over H's.

Dear Bro's over H's

Dump her.

-Scott

Dear Whoever It Is Who Does The Advice Column,

I've been dating this girl for two months now. I really like her but she won't have sex with me. She says she doesn't love me. What should I do?

Sincerely,
Lookin' for Love

Dear Lookin' for Love,
Dump her.

Dear Advisor,

It's my first year at this school, and at first everything was going great. But lately I have been hanging out with this guy and his friends, and I have become very mean spirited and have been getting into a lot of trouble in class. People say I shouldn't hang out with him, that he's a bad influence, but I'm afraid nobody else will accept me. Lately he and his friends have been trying to get me to do drugs and to "do things" with him. What should I do?

Sincerely,
New Comer

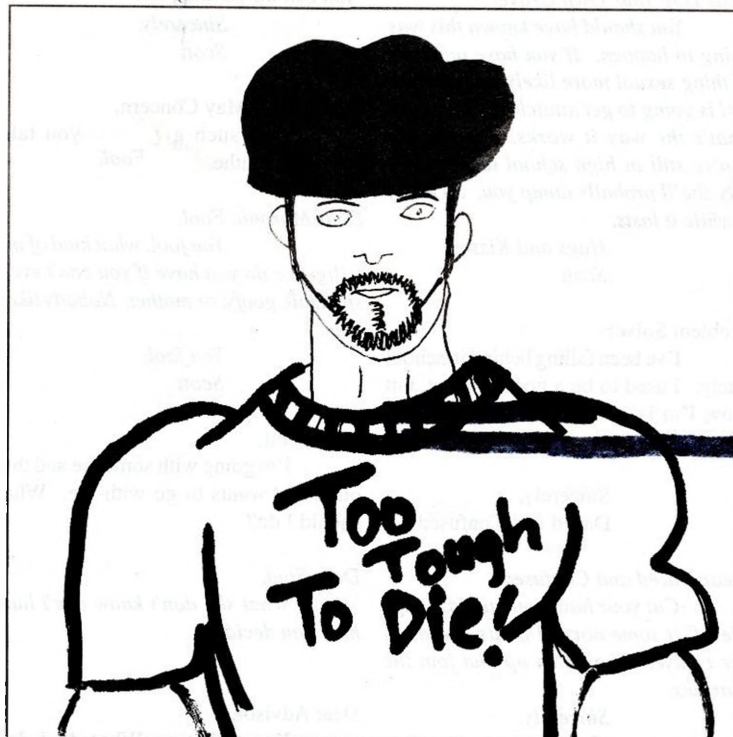
Dear New Comer,
Move to Ashland.
Your Friend,
Scott.

So I Said What About Dinner at

by Scott Johnson

As I drove the long road through thick trafficto Annie's 50's style restaurant to meet Corey, I had no idea what to expect. The day had been long and my head was aching. Pulling into the old diner and noticed I was the first there. I used the restroom and went back outside to wait for Corey, who had by that time arrived. In front of me stood a smiling, shining man. His pants were tight and his checkered shirt lay unbuttoned, revealing a white undershirt and a black fanny pack. Behind him was his tan SUV with various gun and rodeo stickers. We sat down and waited for Ardy to show. When he did we all ordered. Ardy had the chile burger, Corey the Farmer John, and I, as well, had the Farmer John, but with an extra patty of beef and a corn dog. We all shared two baskets of french fries, then sat and began the conversation.

Corey told me of his youth, how his breakfasts had consisted of a six-egg omelet, a carton of milk, three corn dogs for lunch, a large pepperoni pizza for dinner, and a box of macaroni and cheese for a before bedtime snack. He spoke with pride of how he had eaten this every day for nine months. The food arrived and we began eating. He showed me pictures of him hiking in the wood and, his girlfriend, when she was seventeen. They have eight years together now. As I watched that man bite into his Farmer John burger, which consisted of a half pound patty, ham, an egg and bacon with all the fixings, and as he told me he started dating his girlfriend when he was seventeen and she was fifteen, I thought of Corey less as a school security guard, and more of as an individual. An individual I could easily see anyone growing to love. The pictures continued. Corey at nineteen in a Gecko Hawaii green tank-top and "colorful" shorts. He looked at me and



PUMPING IRON

Here's a little random information about Corey. You know, useless facts and information. This story is about Corey's work out habits. He only pumps iron for one reason and that reason is as follows:

In high school Corey was a skinny metal head. Nothing wrong with that except for the fact that Corey has a big head. In his junior year of high school he figured that if he could get the rest of his body bigger he wouldn't have such a disproportionate head. There were two ways to go about getting a bigger body. One was eating a lot and getting fat. Corey chose the other - working out and getting buff. He

beagan to bench after school. In the beginning he could only lift about 90 pounds, but that limit soon rose higher. Today Corey has a proportionate body and is pumping well into the multiple hundreds.

Another little fact about Corey is that, like most guys, he likes cars. He has three at the moment and is looking to sell his SUV and buy himself a nice sporty little car that can go over one hundred and twenty easily.

The last thing you need to know about Corey is that on weekends he volunteers as a search and rescuer. He loves his job and does this almost every weekend.

said, "I always sit facing the door in case I have to kill someone."

Corey's next picture was of his girlfriend, Mischa.

Ardy and I then asked Corey for advice. More than advice on love or life, not even advice on working out, we asked for advice about what Corey knows best - how to get chicks. Corey told us, and I quote, "The only way I know to get girls is to treat them with respect and dignity." We all had a good laugh and began to eat.

The next five minutes or so consisted of our eating, drinking and wiping our faces with napkins. It was then I began to realize the true meaning of life - friendship. And what friendship is complete without the Aerosmith song "Janie's Got a Gun." Corey likes that song and by God, so do I. While on the topic of music, Corey began speaking of one of his favorite bands, Guns 'N Roses. He told me how he had been at Tower Records at midnight so he could get his copy of "Use Your Illusions 2" when it first came out. He said his favorite album now was still "Use Your Illusions 2." Ardy said, "So, 'Appetite for Destruction' used to be your favorite album, but as you grew up and mellowed out it became 'Use Your Illusions 2'?" Corey agreed.

He showed us more pictures of him in high school. In one he was wearing a black bandana with white skulls on it. He told us how much he loved that bandana and that he still had it, but that he would give it up if it meant bringing world peace and an Aerosmith concert in his backyard. Aerosmith is one of the greatest hardrock bands of all time. Corey began telling us about pants and how "chicks dig the tight pants." In so many words, Corey said big pants make you look like a fool. It's all about the tight pants, and that's how you get the ladies. He said, "Look at my pants. I get the ladies, because I up

Annie's

got the pants. That, and I always, always have an Aerosmith tape in my car."

Now, as I type this, Corey stopped by and began talking about his job and Aerosmith. "I wish the opener for 'Sweet Emotion' could go on forever! And let's not even mention Steven Tyler's daughter, Liv. I don't know why Scott's making me do this. He just told me to talk. So here I go. But see I'm outta context here. You're killin' me. What if I cry? I love my job. If I didn't have all these darn kids... without kids to watch it would be perfect. Um, I like to try to find creative ways of spinnin' it, so I can put it back and make it cool. It's all about the walkie talkie. I really like Aerosmith. I plan on learning to play the guitar so I can be just like Joe Perry, but I don't know because I'd kinda like to be like Slash. Slash is awesome, but not as awesome as... no, no. Slash is awesome! Guns 'N Roses rocks!" Corey had to leave, because Mary called him. So I'll continue my story.

I think I left off on pants. Pants or Aerosmith. Corey also said, "It's not only the pants that get the chicks, it's my car." He told me, "Girls love pick-up trucks. Pick-up trucks, tight pants and Aerosmith." For some reason at that point I imagined Corey starting to get a little weird and make up an acronym for Aerosmith. A- Awesome, E- Exquisite, R- Radical, O- Overall Awesome, S- Super, M- Mad, I- It rocks, T- Totally, H- ho yeah! I don't understand why I thought that, but then he looked at me and laughed with a weird look on his face. It was time to go so we paid the check.

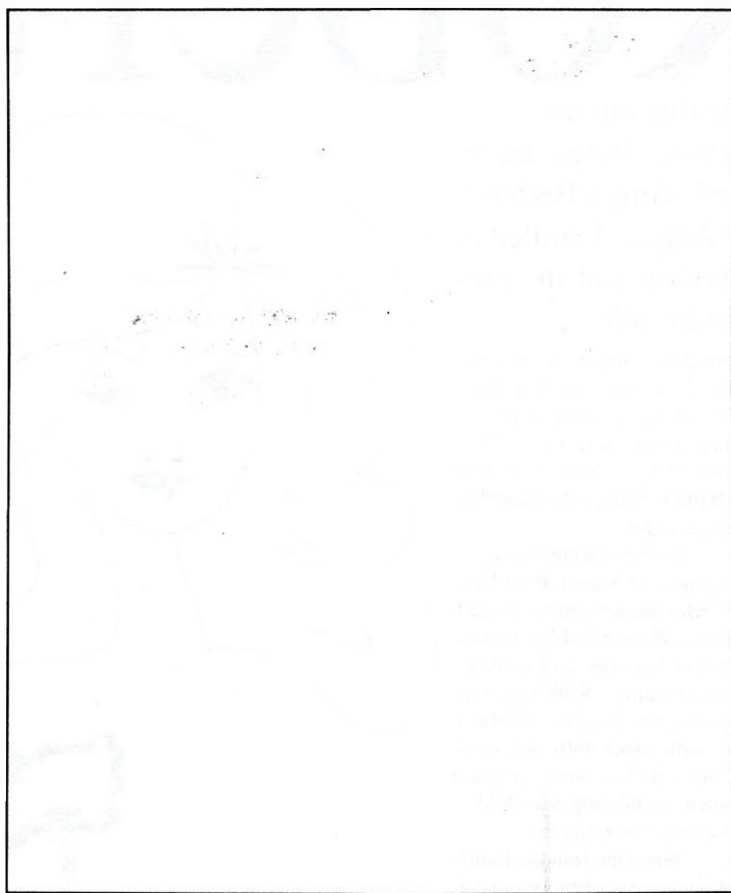
Outside, Corey told us how he is a deputy sheriff reserve and that he has a gun. We all went our separate ways. As I left that night I thought Corey understands. He's a human who cares and loves. He loves cats, dogs, Aerosmith, his skull bandana, but the quote that stuck with me the most was when he said, "I love Mischa." I turned on the radio and drove away listening

to "Sweet Emotions," both from Aerosmith and my heart. Yes, sweet emotions from my heart, and the heart of Corey.

The subject of Aerosmith came

is for you to draw a picture of Corey and submit it to *Savant*, the winner will have their picture published, eventually.

Please draw your pic-



up a lot in this article. That is because they wouldn't let me write an article about Aerosmith, it had to be some sort of human interest story. So, by my clever cunning, I talked about Corey while all along the whole point of this article was to talk about Aerosmith and how incredible Aerosmith is as a band. I did, however, get to know Corey a lot better and realized Corey is the coolest gun-toting, tight-pant-wearing, metal head listening to Aerosmith rocker that I have ever met. The rest of this space

ture of Corey in the space provided above. It must be black and white only and appropriate!

Fast Times at Arts and Communication

I wondered one day what the most insane and ridiculous thing that ever happened to Corey was, so I asked him. Now, not much goes on at Arts and Communication High School, especially if you're the security guard. Here is his story.

He said it started out as a day just like any other, Corey began by collecting the attendance, telling kids to go to class, the usual. He walked around doing different things he was being asked to do waiting for the time to go by. He felt a little thirsty so he bent down to the water fountain to grab a drink. That's when things started to go amiss. He was drinking when he heard someone call his name. Looking up, he saw a girl and said "What's up," friendly as usual. The girl seemed a little nervous and kind of scared. Corey asked what the problem was. She started to say that she had just come out of the bathroom. Corey didn't find anything unusual about this as he continued listening to find out what was wrong. The girl had apparently seen something disturbing in the bathroom. She said there was a naked girl in the bathroom. Obviously this surprised Corey a great deal. He couldn't go into the girls bathroom so he had to think of an idea. Bravely, Corey asked a female administrator to go to the bathroom and see what the fuss was all about. The administrator slowly walked into the bathroom looking around carefully. Corey watched valiently as the administrator slipped through the doors. Corey waited for a while, he couldn't imagine what was going on. the administrator came out. Apparently the girl was gone, and it would never be known who the bare girl in the bathroom was.

Who is Barbie? Millicent Roberts.

By Amelia Romaine

Last summer while cleaning out my closet, I came across three huge boxes. Each was labeled "Amy's Barbies! Don't Touch! (Unless you are Amy)." I smiled at my sloppy sixth grade handwriting and the creative touch of talking to my future self.

I pulled all the boxes from my closet and spread the contents out on to the floor. Halfway through the last box, which contained my immense collection of Barbie dolls, I saw her.

She was laying just as I remembered her, almost as if she were a buried treasure that I had found without knowing that I was looking for it. She had been placed in her pink plastic case and was smiling at me as if to say she had been waiting for me. The hair that I had scrutinized for hours was still perfect, she was still smiling her perfect smile, and wearing the outfit that I had always wished fit me (in human size, of course). Taking her out of her case, I turned her over in my hands and became nostalgic.

Like most young girls, I played with Barbie for hours at a time. I loved styling her hair, trying many different hairstyles. I loved dressing her up in an endless array of stylish clothes. I loved designing her house, sometimes an apartment or sometimes a mansion. But most of all I loved pretending with Barbie. She could be anything that she wanted, she could do anything that she wanted, and she had everything that she wanted.

What attracts small girls to Barbie? As children we want something to manipulate, something that looks older than us. Children notice that

notice that adults are always tell-what to do and that they don't have any real control in what is going on in their lives. With Barbie, they are able to pretend what life is going to be like when they get older.

Barbie was created by the co-founder of Mattel, Ruth Handler, who was looking to design a doll that allowed children to have different fantasies and compare them to reality. Ruth had been watching her daughter, Barbara, play with paper dolls and knew having a doll to dress up like a woman would help her child to develop her imagination.

When the Handler family took a vacation to Europe in 1958, Ruth saw the doll that fulfilled her imagination and dreams in the window of a shop in a small German town. The doll was eleven and half inches tall and perfect.

Her name was Lilli. She was made of rigid plastic and she simulated a young blonde woman with long limbs. She came from a comic strip in a German newspaper, *Bild Zeitung*, that told light tales often punctuated by mild double entendres.

Soon after coming home and talking with Mattel, Ruth



1990



1959

Drawings by Amelia Romaine
and Alauna Griffith



Taken From Barbie Four Decades of Fashion, Fantasy, and Fun

Handler produced at doll that would forever change the lives of children everywhere.

Children who play with Barbie today don't give much thought to who she really is and where she has been. They are more concerned with what is coming out next. I thought that it might be interesting to read into her past. What I discovered surprised me.

Her full name is Barbie Millicent Roberts. She is the daughter of George, a Navy pilot, and Margaret Roberts who stays home to take care of the twins, Stacie and Todd, and the baby, Kelly. She was born in Willow, Wisconsin and went to Willow High School with her best friend Midge and boyfriend Kenneth Carson. (Some say that his last name is Carson, others say that it is Kent. I am using Carson because it was in a book published by Mattel.) Barbie met Ken in 1961 and they have been dating ever since. After Barbie and Ken graduated from high school, they went to State College. There has been talk of marriage, but Barbie doesn't plan to tie the knot because she wants to remain independent. Also, Mattel knows that if Barbie married Ken, feminists would be upset saying that it teaches girls that they need to get married.

After learning about her life I thought it was odd that she was supposed to be a teenager but, then again, she still lives in her own pink universe (including her own mansion in FAO Schwartz, New York) and has had more than sixty professional jobs, ranging

from a Teenage Fashion Model to a Marine Corps Sergeant, and a Ballerina to a Paleontologist.

Even though she has had all these jobs, she has still been able to stick with the changing fashions. Since 1959 when Barbie was first introduced, over one billion fashions have been made for Barbie and her friends. Of those fashions, about 120 are made each year. The 105 million yards of fabric that go into making Barbie and friends clothes each year makes Mattel one of the largest apparel manufacturers in the world. Barbie owns more than a billion pairs of shoes and has had more than 500 professional makeovers.

Barbie first came in a black and white swim suit with red painted fingernails and toenails. The success of Barbie is mostly in the clothes that children can buy to go with her. Her two most popular fashions were the "Roman Holiday" and the "Gay Parisienne."

During the 1960's, Barbie's popularity was still going strong. As the times changed to include the popular flower power and Kennedy elegance, so did Barbie. She was also given a "new look," including bendable legs and a more youthful looking face.

When the 1970's rolled around, she changed into such fashions as the "California Sun Craze" and the "Granny Style." She also turned sweet 16 and in 1979 she turned 20. Barbie also became international with "Picture Perfect" Barbie in Canada and "Party Time" Barbie in Germany.

In the 1980's a spotlight on fitness and career kept Barbie current as an aerobics instructor and a rock star. During this time, Mattel also came out with its first African-American and Hispanic Barbies, introduced in 1986.

The technology era has changed Barbie so that now children can make clothes for her, design a virtual house, and play on the computer with her. She is now involved in a young girl's life more than ever.

As I grew older I began to see that Barbie has misled small children with her body and the material possessions she owns. With the new development of the "Rosie" doll, a doll with a bigger stomach, smaller chest and flat feet, and "Share a Smile Becky," who uses a wheelchair, I think they will show children that there are many different kinds of people and that we all don't look or act the same. Unlike the perfectly molded Barbie doll collection.

As I finished cleaning my room that afternoon I thought about what Barbie has done for me in the past. She

allowed my imagination to soar and took me to places that many children's toys can't. While many people argue that she does nothing but teach children that women are objects they forget to

look at what Barbie does for the children. Plus, every girl played with Barbie at some point in their childhood. Whether you like her or not she will always be a part of us.

Childhood

"I remember playing with the pink Barbie tea cups and filling them with water. I would drink them with Barbie and pretend that I was having a tea party."

--Rachael Guyton

"I was never into Barbie very much. I liked Ninja Turtle instead."

--Tabbatha King

"I remember playing with Barbies in my attic with one of my friends. I liked playing with Barbie because she could be anything that I wanted her to be. Plus my friend that I played with was way more creative with the Barbie fantasy than I was."

--Denise Juhnke

"I never really played with Barbie. I would just dress her up and do her hair. I loved the

clothes that she had. She always looked really beautiful, but she never did anything."

--Megan Kindree

"I remember when I was playing with my friends, I would have Ken like my Barbies and not their Barbies. I guess it was because she never let my Barbie wear the wedding dress that I wanted Barbie to wear."

--Laura McNulty

"The thing about Barbie that I remember the most was cutting her hair . . . But after I cut her hair I would never let any of my friends use her because they would mess it up."

--Liz Jaehnre

"I never had Barbies as a child. I was forced to read books."

--Josephine Davis



Taken From Barbie Four Decades of Fashion, Fantasy, and Fun

The Science Of Witchcraft

by Jenny McKee

"Witch." What comes to mind when this word is mentioned? Many people picture a large green nose protruding from a wart-covered face topped by a tall, pointed black hat. Or maybe a candy-covered cottage in the woods raised up on chicken feet. Silly stereotypes like this come, in part, from fairy tales like *Hansel and Gretel*, movies like *The Craft*, and books like *The Witches Hour*.

I call these "silly" stereotypes

because, they are. If you ever happen to meet a real witch, you'd have nothing to be afraid of. Witches don't believe in harming anyone or anything in any way, so you don't have to worry about being turned into a toad by the Wicked Witch of The West. Some witches don't even cast spells. Spell-casting, divination, telepathy, dowsing, and astral travel are just some of the scientific components of the Craft. Most people know the Craft by it's scientific side because that is usually what the me-

dia focuses. It's more "exciting." If people knew more about the religious aspect of the Craft, they wouldn't be so scared of it. There are many people who still think that witches sacrifice living things. Sure, centuries ago some Druids performed human sacrifices, but you have to remember that

that ugly, wart-covered face? Or that candy-covered cottage in the woods? Or now do you know that there's nothing to be afraid of? In any case, I hope that you can take something from this article away with you and maybe even use it.

"a large green nose protruding from a wart-covered face"

The Religion Of Wicca

*Bide the Wiccan Law Ye Must,
In Perfect love, in perfect trust,
Eight words the Wiccan Rede fulfill,*

*An ye harm none do what ye will,
Ever mind the Rule Of Three,
What ye sends out comes back to thee,
Follow this with mind and heart,
And merry ye meet, And merry ye part.*

- Author Unknown

This poem sums up the basis for the Wiccan religion. The first lines are about abiding the Wiccan Law in love and trust. The next line is about the Wiccan Rede and then the Rede itself: doing whatever you want as long as you don't hurt anyone. This is the one rule for Wiccans. The Wiccan Rede is to Wicca what the Ten Commandments are to Christianity. The next lines talk about the Rule of Three: whatever kind of energy you send out comes back to you threefold. The two lines are exactly what they say they are. Now, there is much more to the Wiccan religion than this (as with most religions) and there are many books and people out there to learn about it from but if you go to ACHS (which you probably do since you're reading this article), then you are very welcome to come to the Pagan Club every Tuesday at lunch in the Basement!

back then, in that culture, it was a great honor and a privilege to be sacrificed. Also, Druids are just one tradition of witches. Another are the Strega Witches, who follow the teachings of a Christlike figure named Aradia who taught around 1353 in Italy. A more well-known tradition of witches are the Gardnerian Witches who follow the tradition started by Gerald Gardner in the 1960's, a more structured route of practice with much ceremonial magick. These are only a few examples of the many diverse witch traditions.

The scientific side of the Craft is what draws many people to it, including myself. While going through my River Phoenix obsession in fourth grade, I came across a book on ESP that had been mixed with the books on River, and I soon found the books on Witchcraft next to it. That was when I ditched River Phoenix for Wicca. "Wicca" is another word for Witchcraft. I use the term "Witchcraft", though, because, to paraphrase the famous author and witch Silver Ravenwolf, the words "Wicca" or "Wiccan" make me think of wicker furniture at *Cost Plus*.

Now that you've read this article, is witchcraft really what you thought it would be? Are still picturing



"A Witch" drawing by Julie Webb

by Caitlin Scholl

Kevin Tomlin is an impressive person, to say the least. Long, dark (some say Jesus-like) hair only added to his 6'4" stature. I met Kevin my first day working at Coffee People. Kevin possesses the kind of wit and humor that allows him to be blatantly sarcastic to your face and you can't help but laugh. I discovered in him someone I could discuss books, ideas, and philosophy with - Kevin having just graduated from Western Washington University. I wasn't sure why he was working as a barista after four years of college, but then my father informed me that this was what I had to look forward to if I planned on getting a liberal arts degree. It has been a year now since Kevin told me why he moved to Portland from Bellingham, Washington, and why he didn't appear to be striving for a "real" job. He had moved in with his grandmother while going through the application process for joining this region's Jesuit Novitiate. My friend was on his way to becoming a priest.

The first few days after receiving this news I treated him as though I had just found out he was fatally ill; I didn't know how to react, but felt the need to tiptoe around the subject while I dealt with my own issues. These issues were deeply imbedded in me, stemming from a childhood cultivated in the shadow of Catholicism. It had been years since I had "left the church," something that is never entirely possible when one comes from a big, Irish family. Perhaps to make up for the years I spent sitting in church or Sunday school (and all the crisp autumn mornings that slipped silently away behind panes of colored glass as I tried to get comfortable in hard, wooden pews) I started voraciously studying other religions, particularly Eastern ones. From there I decided to disavow all organized religion after immersing myself in philosophy. Now Kevin's admission was conjuring up memories long forgotten. The greater part of a year had been spent working up to his inevitable departure; at the crescendo it seemed all our ties would be severed. He had invited me to visit his new home at the Jesuit Novitiate of Saint Francis Xavier off SE Powell last September on the last Sunday of his secular life. As I raced after work from my store in Beaverton,



What This Man Taught Me

Kevin Tomlin (post haircut) ponders the meaning of life on a camping trip to the Mt. Hood National Forest. Photograph by Caitlin Scholl

Analyze Into Oblivion . . .

I was plagued by two thoughts. The first was the cursory worry that the way I-405 was looking I wouldn't make it in time. The second was more subtle, tugging on the corners of my work-weary mind when I let it drift off the traffic. It was a question of the point, what had I gained from having known him. I have a habit of analyzing everything in my life into oblivion. I felt I

had learned something, either from Kevin or from our relationship, that was important but I couldn't pin it down, a black spot in my peripheral vision that disappeared each time I turned my head to see it.

Pulling up to the house I felt a sense of familiarity wash over me. It felt just like my grandma's home a decade ago, before she had to move into a

sterile, new house in Sherwood. I didn't know what to expect as the heavy door swung open. As Kevin gave me the tour I saw him and the brothers living just as I would envision all recent college graduates do. There was a hall lined with beautiful black and white photographs taken of other priests by a Jesuit priest. As we walked, Kevin told me the stories he knew of these men. One in particular was of a priest in jail right now for nonviolently protesting the CIA-funded guerrilla training School of the Americas in Central America. I've dreamed of becoming the nonviolent, intellectual, activist type since childhood; you can imagine my shock that a priest was doing this.

I was able to glean my point after that day, although it's probably not complete. For all my left wing ideologies, I carry a mountain of prejudices. Everyone does; we develop them to simplify our lives. For example, if you decide to try a new restaurant and the food makes you ill, you won't eat there again. Moreover, you'll tell all your friends and your children the same. In this same way we govern all aspects of our lives. My experience with Catholicism was so negative I judged those involved in it on this basis alone. But this type of prejudice works its way into all facets of life, small instances that collectively form a thick cloud that dims our vision. I'm not trying to say this is necessarily bad (in the case of the restaurant you would probably be saving yourself and others from a lot of pain). It becomes dangerous, though, when done automatically and without regard

for the ramifications. How often do you analyze the stereotypes and beliefs you collect going about your day-to-day affairs?

The last time I saw Kevin he had just completed a month of silence and was trying desperately to convey the sense of peace he'd felt. It didn't work very well. I was trying desperately to convey what I had learned from him and how I was now cursed with analyzing my analyses. It didn't work very well either. At least I now know what I want to do with my future liberal arts degree (and can, hopefully, avoid making a career as a barista): I want to gain the understanding and vocabulary necessary to convey my thoughts.

The LOW DOWN W N @ ACHS

Holiday Sharing

by Kriss Huebner

Holiday sharing is a tradition carried on in our school that has a very important meaning for us all. If copper or paper money is donated, it is counted toward the Ohana's total, but if silver is donated, it deducts from that total. All money, presents and food donated help families whom we learn of through the Oregon Food Bank. This will make their Christmas a better one than they would have otherwise. It is a very noble cause to brighten someone's holiday.

All the Ohanas had fun and received the satisfaction that comes from doing good deeds. By "fun" I mean private bets! You should all know of the bet between Sanderson's Ohana and Sikking's Ohana, but for those of you who don't know, here's the story: Sikking bet Sanderson that his Ohana would have more money than Sanderson's by the next counting date or he would carry twenty dollars in his teeth to Sanderson's jar. It was a tough race, with Sikking completely convinced of his own ability to win, while Sanderson quietly got his class to donate copper and paper to his jar and silver to Sikking's. However

Sikking brought a new term to the bet. He said that he would wear a dress to carry his twenty dollars from his room to Sanderson's jar. Then he brought the dress to school. It was so despicably short that both Ohanas knew they never wanted to see him wear it. Many people donated to Sikking and bombed Sanderson with silver because of this. Sanderson then proclaimed he would wear a chicken suit if he lost and we all know what followed that. It must have been this, combined with Sikking's dress, that prompted everyone to let him win. But I can bet you anything that Sikking was worried about who would win because the victory was very close, under ten dollars. If you were one of the people who walked into Sanderson's Ohana and saw a giant chicken dancing around and posing for pictures with a little stuffed singing chicken then you were probably surprised that our dignified biology teacher would humiliate himself that way. He might have gone through with his agreement but it didn't stop him from complaining terribly about the heat he was feeling in that ball of yellow feathers.

Meanwhile Sikking was in his room gloating and relishing the fact that he got to humiliate Sanderson. Sikking won the bet with \$206.17 and Sanderson came in second with \$196.37.

As I was the one who supplied the chicken suit, I got the majority of Sanderson's complaints for letting him go through with his bargain.

Oh well, another year, another chicken teaching science and biology.



*Mr. Yamboranis, the teacher of the Ohana that won Holiday sharing.
Photo by Kriss Huebner*

The Winter Formal

by Kriss Huebner

The Winter Formal theme this year was Starry Night and it was a promising theme to set the right mood. There were pictures taken, pretty dresses, and suits. The Winter Formal committee sold tickets up until the day of the dance, December 10. It was a beautiful Friday night, the stars were showing nicely and the clouds patterned to let the smallest fraction of light

through.

A week before the Winter Formal students voted for princes and princesses from each grade. Of the Freshmen, the prince was Chris Paterson and the princess was Cordellia Apple. Of the Sophomores, Steve Herbert and Erica Hailstone. The Junior prince was Scott Johnson and his princess was Crystal Smith. Ardy Fatehi was Prince of Seniors and Emily Beeks was the Senior Princess.

The King and Queen were announced during the dance. The voting for King and Queen took place on the day of the formal. It was announced that night that Scott Johnson was King and Erica Hailstone was his Queen.

Winter Formal Committee spent a lot of time on the dance giving up their lunches selling tickets, going to meetings and announcing the winners to the school. They gave up their last three periods and stayed after school the day of the dance to decorate.

As you walked down the hall that lead into the dance/multi-purpose room, it was a brilliant sight. You saw to your left the teacher's lounge transformed into a studio for pictures of groups and couples. People were there with friends and dates. Everyone had someone to dance and party with. Many people went to dinner or pizza beforehand, but many enjoyed the finger food served at the dance.

Most of the music requested was played and a fantasia of lights was beautifully projected onto the ceiling and walls with a lot of balloons hanging down along with hundreds of intertwined stars and ribbons. After the dance decorations were cut down and

the balloons and ribbons were taken off to be bounced on each others heads and tied around wrists. The stars were taken as souvenirs and everyone was hugging and most people were sad to leave but tired and content.

Spirit Week

by Kriss Huebner

The Winter Formal committee organized spirit week, a week before Winter Formal. The winning Ohana won a pizza party. The fun filled week went as follows:

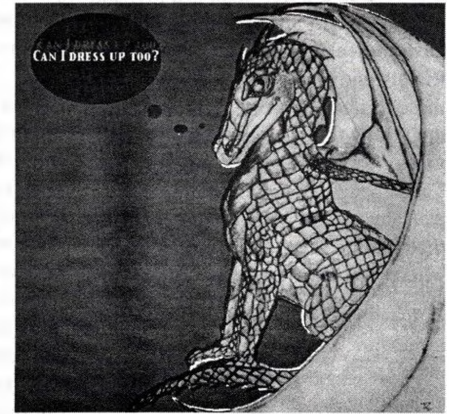
Monday: P.J. Day

Tuesday: Hawaiian Day

Wednesday: Decades Day

Thursday: Greek Day
(Dedicated to Mr. Yamboranis.)

Friday: School Colors Day



*"Can I dress up too?"
Drawing by Miko Balambo*

"I worked at my Ohana's [Sanderson] booth for most of the time and I got to turn Mr. Sicking's little super hero into a ferocious tiger cub. Then I went to the dance and had fun

-Jenny Coccareese

The Fall Festival

by Kriss Huebner

The fall festival was fun for everyone of all ages. All the people I asked had a pretty good time and raised a lot of money for their classes. The booths were set up along the main hall so everyone could easily go from one to the other winning candy and prizes of all kind.

There was a dance set up for those that wanted to go, and those that did danced to YMCA, rap, alternative and every kind of music you can think of. There was finger food and

fun stuff to do for every one.

Here are a few comments from students that went to the Fall Festival.

"I worked at the publications booth and spent the entire time there. I didn't go into the dance because I didn't buy a ticket and I was having fun just tending the booth and eating the candy that the little kids gave me when they won."

-Jenny McKee



*Jenny Coccareese and David Sicking's little superhero at the Fall Festival.
Photo by David Sicking*

Final Thought

by Kriss Heubner

All the things that have happened so far this year have been fun and interesting. Who knows what is going to happen in this next semester or what will surprise us? We have ahead of us the prom, effigy, and the next *Savant*. But through all that, remember to have some fun and keep working on your talents.

Being an ACHS freshman

by Keegan Teinowitz

Being a freshman is a joy and a pain. There are several things you have to deal with: new teachers, new friends, and a new school. Even though these things might seem intimidating, those new teachers are going to teach you to work harder than you ever have. Those new friends will love you more than any of your friends in the past, and that new school is an environment where you can learn and study what

you want (more or less). Being a freshman at A&C is, for some people, a dream come true.

Now you're probably thinking: "What could make a high school so absolutely wonderful?" Well, for one thing A&C is a small school (206 students) so you know everybody, and you are not just some number sitting at a desk waiting for a teacher to mispronounce your last name. Every single teacher really wants to teach you; they want you to learn and succeed. One of the positive aspects of this is that what ever you learn, you learn it well. At "normal" schools most of the teachers seem to really not care at all. Another plus side to this school is that, because there is an application process to get in, only the students who want to be here are here.

Being a freshman at A&C is like being part of a really big family. Nobody cares how you look or what you wear. As a freshman Jenny McKee said, "I love it here! And I'm really glad I don't go to a 'normal' school. I've talked to so many people who have dropped out of 'normal' school, because of the pressure of so many students who are so judgmental, with all the little cliques. They can be so cruel that they can make even the most 'perfect' student feel terrible about themselves, even to the point of suicide."

The upper class members are also relatively accepting of the freshmen. They don't exclude, pick on, or beat up, the freshmen. Junior Hannah McClain said, "I really like the freshman this year. The girls seem really magical. I'm not too sure about the guys, though, except for Chris and my brother."

Since all the classes are mixed

no one really knows what grade you're in. One anonymous freshman said, "I'm just a student! There's really no difference in being a senior or a freshman, except they work you harder as a senior."

Being freshmen, of course, we are all looking forward to next year when we won't be freshmen. One year closer to college! Cordelia Apple of the freshman class said, "It's fun [being a freshman], but I'm going to be happy when I'm a sophomore, because I think that the juniors and seniors are not really happy with us because we brought in so much performing art."

The school really has a different atmosphere this year. There is a more extensive performing arts program, five new teachers, and some of the old teachers are not teaching the same subjects. The dance program has expanded - this past summer, rooms two and three were converted into a dance

Math teacher Mr. David Liu said, "I wish everyone would work harder so that they can go to a good college, graduate, make big money, and save the world!"

It's different to be in a high school where everybody likes the arts. Everyone can relate to you and your passions, and you can always find someone who shares your same interests, whether they are in theatre, drawing, photography, painting, pottery, debate, writing, math, dance, singing, computer graphics, or all of the above. This is really different from middle school when you could find one person, maybe, who loved to draw. It's a special feeling to be able to walk down a hallway and not only know everyone in it, but to be able to look up at the wall and see a portrait that somebody decided to paint there for a senior project. People are much more aware of you and how you're doing.

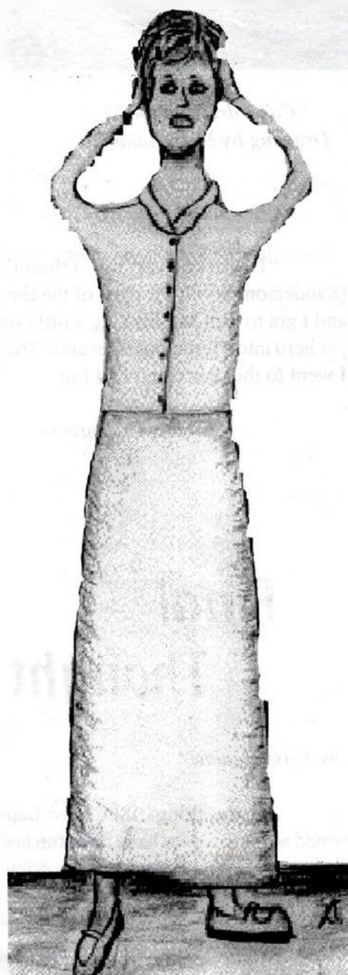
Something that I really like about this

"... you are not just some number sitting at a desk waiting for a teacher to mispronounce your last name."

school is the fact that a student can be very involved in his or her educational process. At many schools there is very little opportunity to be included in this process. It's a good feeling to know that if you're having a problem, there is always someone to listen to you and help.

Sometimes being a freshman can be overwhelming. You can feel like you have too much to do and not enough time to do it. You can feel like the whole world is out to get you and nobody is your friend. You can feel like you never want to come back to school again. You can be so depressed you want to cry every minute. Being a freshman can be the best or the worst, as everyone reading this knows.

Being a freshman at A&C is learning to be who and what you want.



Drawing by Keegan Teinowitz

Garden of



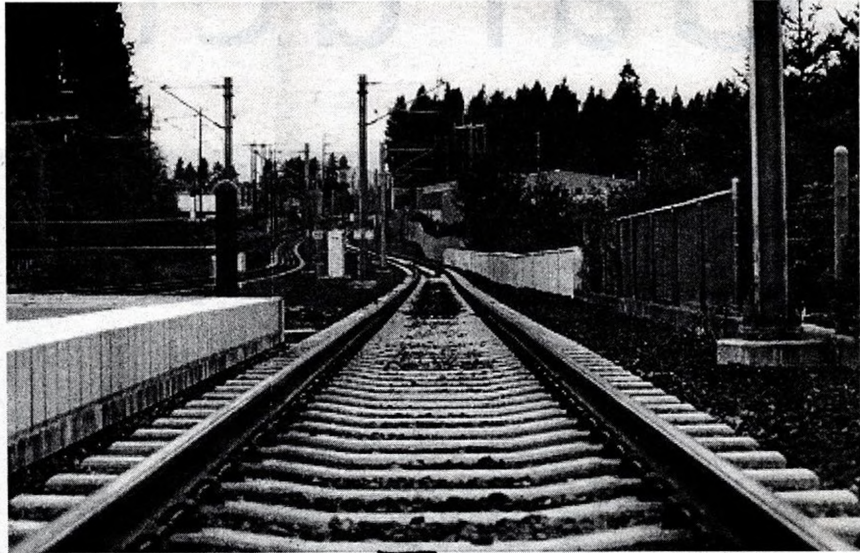
Photograph by Megan Kindree

Rhythm & Rhyme

Collection of Art and Literature by the Students at Arts & Communication High School

blue skies laced with
golden rays of sunshine
gleaming down on a
tulip opening
its petals for the first time
An innocent butterfly
flutters its wings
and lands on the tulip petals
It leaves an enchanted powder
behind
a gust of wind sends the
powder into a child's face
she sees her life flash
in front of her eyes
she realizes her fate
her place in this world
her roles
she soon forgets
that as a child
she was happy
she was free
death hits close to home
permanent streaks of pain
shape her life
like the way
she saw when she was
a child
innocent and free

--Sally Anderson



--Anonymous

If you could feel my
heart
only if I could express what
I feel
To tell you all the words you
want to hear
April's come to soon
April's come to soon
April's come much too soon this
year
All I know is the pain I went through
Can't you hear the voices I knew
I just don't understand why things
can't be fair
Why must emptiness seem to be the
sources of inspiration
look to the sun
can you feel its pain
stare at the sun
could you see its pain
April's come too soon
April's come too soon
April's come much too soon this
year

--Anonymous

The Mirror

I watch the person in the mirror
stare at me as if to ask me who
I am. I frowned at her. She stood
still as if to tell me that it was a
perfectly respectful question. I
told her that I did not know who
I was.

She asked me again

I do not know! Stop asking me!
I shouted back at the girl in
the mirror

Yes you do. She told
again with a slight smile
painted on her face.

I watched as she slowly faded
away from the mirror and all I
was left with was the reflection
of my own face, smiling back
at me.

--Anonymous

Because I Love You

Rushing in and
out of my head
You tell me it doesn't
matter.
But it does

I am alone in
what I can and
cannot do.
Not even you
can help Why
don't you understand
Can you even see
me? Of your hate
filled gaze penetrate right
through me?
Why do I stand here?
Trying to make you see,
hear,
and listen?

But even you
know the answer
to THAT.
--Anonymous

The Splendor Of the Moon

They stared through the glass
Seeing sunshine in the summer rain
The days were pale
Swept beneath the ocean to conceal the pain
The sting of love was cruel
Closing fists around the saddened songs
The skies were grave
Take another moment to forget the strong
They raised their fists to the glass
Stealing all the sunshine from the summer rain
The days were cool
Swept beneath the ocean to reveal the pain
The skies were strange
Giving off a vacant light to chill the room
The people died
Suffocating on the splendor of the moon

--Gina Milhauser

Lost in Darkness

Darkness covers me. I run
yelling her name. She does not hear
me. I scream her name.

I wander the paths with my
arms outstretched searching for
something to move in the darkness

Anything to move

I shout her name. She does not hear my cries.
With my frustration I angrily shout her name.
Where is she? Why does she not care.
I stop and sob without the
realization of what I was doing.

I scream her name through my sobs.

Suddenly from the darkness
she comes running to me. She jumps into
my arms and kisses me. As I hugged her
I knew that this was the last time
I was going to let my dog run loose in the park.

--Amy Romaine



--Anonymous

Clouds moving through air
 Plane moving through.
 Young children,
 Disappointed at the loss of mystery.
 No longer castles in the air,
 But simply air.
 Unseen sculptor,
 Forming clouds
 Whose passage is shown,
 In the movement
 Of the sculptures.
 Light is used,
 To highlight areas of importance
 And meaning.
 While the darker corners,
 Show passion and pain.
 Heavy clouds,
 Thick with rain.
 Moving
 While the sun breaks through,
 Casting its own shadows.
 Showing the true face of the sculptor.

--Anonymous

Singles Bar

The whole world is like a singles bar. We all go around with one thing on our mind: getting what WE want. Our ideas are just like flirting. Our conversations are like pick-up lines, and the things we do are like one-night stands. When it comes to ideas and flirting we have to do it thoroughly. When it comes to conversations and pick-up lines we can't sound stupid, and when it comes to what we want to do and one-night stands never screw up and embarrass yourself.

--Anonymous



Photograph By Laurn Asay

The artwork sampled in this issue of Savant is just a small sample of work that will be featured in effigy. effigy is an arts and literature anthology showcasing the work of staff and students at Arts & Commuication High School. If you have any questions or are interested in purchasing a copy of effigy, which is due late May of 2000, please contact the school at 672-3700 for an order form.

Student Fiction

How I Spent My Summer Vacation

by Adam Taylor

Metamorphosis.

Daniel stares solemnly at himself in the dirty chard of mirrored glass. His tattered and untamable hair dangles down, draping over his broad shoulders. His gaze shifts down to the dull scissors in his right hand, his mind swirling with uncontrollable thoughts. He inhales deeply, sucking the damp, musty air into his lungs. As he exhales, he raises the scissors to his curling locks. His eyes clench shut as the metamorphosis begins.

Perfection.

A lone wooden sign hangs lopsided at the corner of a dusty gravel road. In black ink pen, the words *Briar Lane* read in clear, rounded letters. At the end of the road sits a large blue house. This was at one time the home of the perfect family. Two parents -- one a big-shot lawyer, the other a small-time preschool teacher; and three shining children -- two pretty little girls and a bright young boy. This family attended church every Sunday and hosted the office picnic every July in their larger-than-average backyard. They were the family that you loved to wish you were a part of.

A Closer Look.

The perfect husband, the attractive lawyer, was a bit cheap and had a rather adulterous past. The mother's preschool had gone through some bank fraud a few years back. The eldest daughter was a battling cancer patient, while the second daughter was "experimenting" with various "temptations." The youngest, and only son, was a young boy named Daniel. Daniel was a smart boy, a little chubby, and a little bit odd.

Focus.

Daniel runs his hand over the greasy remnants of his once flowing tresses. It has been about three years now since he last cut his hair. He can hardly recognize himself without the hair to frame his face. His nose seems a bit bigger now and his face a little rounder. His finger runs along the edge of the razor's edge and then he looks back up to his nearly bare scalp.

Disarray.

Secrets begin to leak out. Angered whispers can be heard easily behind thin

walls. Daniel sits in bed, listening to his parents' marriage slowly fall apart in the next room. His two sisters huddle carelessly in the bathroom door way down the hall, eavesdropping intently on their mother's weak voice being beaten down by the ruthless knives of her husband's words. She is cold. She is unloving. She drove him away. The sisters fall to the floor wailing and their mother runs to their aid. Daniel follows closely from behind. The four embrace each other among the tears while Daddy stands in the doorway, chuckling.

Dejection.

"So, Daniel. You're saying that you blame your father for this deep sadness you're feeling?" the gray haired therapist asks, pulling thoughtlessly at his chin. Daniel sits nervously across from him, his legs crossed and twitching.

"It is his fault. He ruined my life. He hurt my mother. He hurt my sisters. He hurt me."

"Daniel, you've been coming to me for three months now. We can't seem to get around the fact that you father hurt you. Are there any other problems in your life that may be adding to this depression?"

What is love?

Daniel lies prone on his couch. "Friends," she told him. "They would be better as friends." Just days ago, had she not been sitting in the exact spot where he lay with her fingers carelessly playing with his tousled mane. Before he was afraid he would not make friends once in a new school. Now the only thing he did not want to think of was another "friend."

Denial.

"Are there any other problems in your life that may be adding to this depression?" the humble therapist asks.

"Not at all," Daniel replies. "Not at all."

The Tao or The Way of Virtue

Daniel sits in a dilapidated yellow chair, his knees brought up to his chest and his nose buried in a book.

"If you want to become whole, let yourself become partial.

If you want to become straight, let yourself be crooked.

If you want to become full,

let yourself be empty.



The author sits in deep meditation at his point of total self-realization, seeing himself with a shaven head, forseeing his metamorphosis. photograph by Matt Conner and Adam Taylor

If you want to be reborn, let yourself die.

If you want to be given everything, give everything up."

--Lao Tzu

Dreaming.

Daniel sits on the back porch of the old cabin. The forest air mixed with the scent of the ocean wafts into his nostrils, filling his lungs with life. He closes his eyes and relaxes his body, sending his spirit out of his conscious mind. Through his mind's eye, he sees himself floating through a blackness: a void. His eyelids flicker as he floats past galaxies and infant stars. He smiles. He has emptied his body and his mind. He has allowed himself to die, making it possible to be reborn. Daniel opens his eyes. He has found his soul.

"...give everything up."

Daniel stares down at the two bags full of greasy brown hair. His gaze lifts slowly up to the dusty mirror. The quarter-inch hairs sprouting from his head make him think of a Chia pet. He smiles, rubbing his hands over his fuzzy scalp. His metamorphosis is complete.

Reflection.

"Hey Daniel. Why the hell did you cut your hair?"

Daniel smiles. "I found my soul in the forest," is all he answers. In response, he is given blank stares and puzzled looks. He knows. He knows why there has been a change. And for once in his life, he is comfortable with that change.

About the Author

If you knew Adam Taylor last year, you would have been surprised when he walked through the school doors in September. For those of you who did not know Adam, he had long flowing brown hair.

When he arrived on the first day of school, sporting a classy "Sessions" baseball cap, it was noticed that he had shaven his head. When asked why he had, he merely answered, "I found my soul in the forest." For many people, this led to more questions than answers.

"How I Spent My Summer Vacation" is a short autobiographical piece in which Adam explains how he happened to find his soul and why it needed finding.

Ballerina

by Gina Milhauser

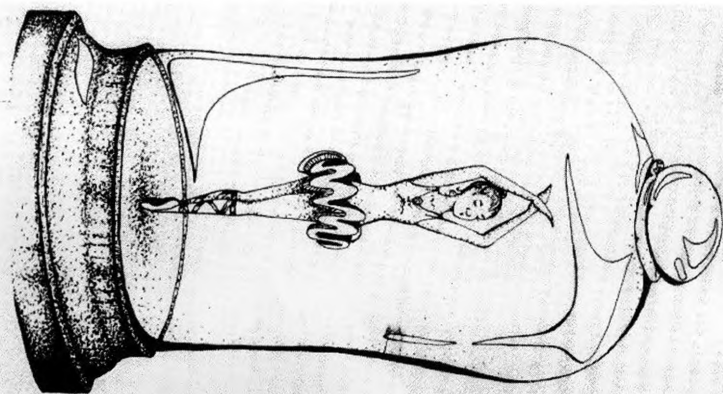
The glass is cold this morning. My hands shiver at the touch of it: smooth, calm, cold. The music has finally slowed. That music drives me insane. It's like a million notes reminding me I'm trapped. Every time I hear it, I feel the sting of them like knives in my ears. It just keeps on playing, like a music box that needs no winding. Sometimes I hear a girl's voice outside my world of glass. The sound of her sends chills up my spine. I can't ever see her.

I wind up my ballerina every day. She spins and spins inside her pretty dome. Almost looks like she's alive sometimes but I know she's not. I get these horrid dreams that she is alive, and that she's banging on her little glass dome for help. Could you imagine such

Student Fiction (con.)

a thing? Like a 'tiny little doll who dances to music when I wind her up could have feelings! She's just plastic. The other day I almost lost her. I had

beast's eyes, (maybe she was the girl I always heard) her screams becoming shrill. Then, for some unknown reason, she left. My legs twitched, the urge to



original art by Emily Beeks

just woken up and the morning breeze was billowing in through my window. I could smell the fall leaves in the cool air. I got out of bed, stretching my arms to the sky. It felt so good to be alive! I pulled on my school uniform and bounded down the stairs for breakfast. But I had forgotten that the night before I had left my ballerina on the top step, and while I was running to the kitchen, I kicked her right off. I saw her tumbling through the air, as if in slow motion. Oh, a terrible shriek escaped my throat when I saw her dome shatter on the floor. My mother said she would clean it up for me, so I went to school. My ballerina hasn't danced the same since the accident.

Curled up in a ball, that's how I am. Curled up in a dark corner with music echoing off endless glass and an excited girl winding a switch, laughing at me. I had always thought there was nothing beyond my glass bubble. But a few days ago, I got a swift kick into reality, literally. I heard a booming in the distance, like thunder and lightning crashing towards me. My whole world shook, and then for a moment I was floating. I thought I was flying, but when I hit the floor, I realized I had been falling. My dome shattered, glass raining down in shards upon my frail body. I could smell my own fear as another world opened up around me. I heard a shriek, half of horror, half of surprise, echoing from a beast that towered above me. I wanted to run away. I felt the sickening pang of adrenaline shooting through my limbs. I couldn't move. I couldn't breathe. I just laid there. Water poured from the

run increased. And so I did. I ran as fast as I could, feeling the fresh air whip my hair around me as I left the strange building. What happened to me that day is something I will never forget. As I stepped outside, a huge wooden slab slammed closed behind me. I was left in a dangerous new world. I decided to make the best of it and explore. I had always thought my dome was all that existed. I thought I was the only one alive. But as I gazed upon the field of green before me, everything I had thought I knew was changed. Nothing was real anymore.

I bounded down the street towards school. My friends screamed around me as I ran. I screamed back at them over my shoulder.

"Hi! I don't have time to talk, see you at lunch!"

With that, I swung the front doors open and bolted down the hall towards my classroom. The bell rang as I slid into the room, a smug smile settling on my face as I sat in my desk. The teacher droned on about the Civil War. My mind was drifting away quickly as the class was lectured on our nation's history. I pulled out a blank piece of paper and started to draw. I hoped my ballerina was cleaned up by now. I wondered if I could find another dome for her. I missed seeing her dance.

The grass shot up above me, towering to the sky. I ran through the green stalks, dodging clumps of dirt at my feet. I saw a hard, grey platform ahead of me. For some reason, I felt the need to be there. I pushed my tiny body to the edge, running full tilt until I

reached my destination. I reached up, grasping the cold grey wall before me. I pulled myself up, the sun's heat beating down on me. It felt so good to lie on a cold, stone slab, feeling the heat of the sun on my face. I was so free. I closed my eyes. And then I heard the footsteps pounding towards me. I didn't move, for I was too afraid. The beast picked me up and carried me inside. My freedom was shortly lived.

Oh, my heart skipped a beat when I saw my ballerina on the sidewalk! I was on my way home, and I found her. Her beautiful pink dress was covered in dirt! I ran inside and filled the bathroom sink with warm, soapy water. I gave my ballerina a bath, rubbing the dirt carefully from her dress. "You shouldn't get so dirty! I bet the dog got to you, didn't he?" I shook my head, realizing I was talking to a plastic doll. She would never be real.

I choked and squealed, trying to reach the air again. The warm water floated over me, the beast pushing me deeper into the darkness. I was sure this was my punishment for leaving the house. Finally, I was set on the counter to dry. I closed my eyes, not daring to move, for fear the beast would see me. When I opened my eyes again, I saw the most horrible thing in the world... my own reflection. And now, here I am... just a puppet in a world of puppets, stuck in a tiny glass dome. The music is starting again, watch me spin. Just a ballerina behind the glass.

Memoirs of the Morning Salish

by John Dougherty

The following was featured in "Northwest Passages: a literary analysis of the Pacific Northwest, Volume II," released by Harcourt Books in 1999:

Irving Hamilton was the legendary genius whom many consider to have brought the lush beauty and spiritual respect of the forests to bookshelves, and indelibly into the public consciousness. Hamilton was the hidden identity and inspiration for many late 1800's and early 1900's literature with themes of wilderness and exploration. Such books by Joseph Conrad, such as *Lord Jim* and *Heart of Darkness*, were based on a few of Hamilton's adventures.

Born in the Canadian Yukon territory in the 1850's, Hamilton happened to grow up in Liverpool, England with

his father, a professor at local universities. His mother died of typhoid fever when Irving was young. With no interest in a formal education, Irving found his sanctuary in street life and books. As a teenager, Hamilton's father sent him to New York to attend universities, but Hamilton dropped out after only three weeks. He worked as a deck hand in Boston Harbor when the work opportunities were slim since all available jobs were going to post-Civil War veterans. Hamilton booked passage to Florida on a fishing boat, then off to South America, eventually landing in Australia and spending the next five years living with native aboriginals on various walkabouts.

In the early 1880's, Hamilton found his way to Africa, to the country of Kenya, where he hunted with the great Daniel Remington while living amongst the native Shumbaa tribesman. Hamilton followed some fellow hunters east after a few years to Tibet, Nepal, and southern China. They dwelled in the mountains surrounding the Forbidden City, before being taken prisoner by a Chinese war patrol. Hamilton had served two years in a Nepalese prison when the Dalai Lama got word of their imprisonment. They were released due to the Dalai Lama's request, "the restriction of seeking sanctuary within our mountains cannot be tolerated, thus I pray for these free souls."

Following his release at the age of 33, Hamilton returned to Liverpool following word of his father's death. For the next ten years, due to his father's reputation, Hamilton was able to attend Oxford and Dublin Trinity colleges studying literature, education, environmental studies, and foreign religion. He even befriended the young James Joyce in Dublin, whom he lived with for several months.

In the early 1900's, Hamilton was to embark on his greatest journey. Following many requests, Hamilton was asked to set sail for the South Pacific with the famous sailor Oliver Dietrich. The outcome of the mission was an unexpected journey to Antarctica. They were swept ashore and shipwrecked for 32 days on the coast. Hamilton, Dietrich, and the remaining crew of eight men (sixteen having died from frostbite) constructed a raft from the damaged ships and set sail for the nearby Williamson Islands. Off course and with little supplies left, they were picked up by a passing deep-sea fishing boat. The survivors were sent to New Zealand for recovery. Hamilton

was deprived of three of his toes due to frostbite.

Hamilton, now 48, made his way to the northwestern area of the United States, where he taught environmental studies and literature at the University of Oregon. During his next ten years of teaching, Hamilton was married. After two years of marriage his wife was pregnant with their first child. Hamilton's wife happened to die during complications with the birth but delivered a healthy baby. The newborn son, however, was raised by Hamilton's mother-in-law, who sadly objected to the marriage. Hamilton thought this was the best idea.

Following his sons departure, Hamilton went into a deep depression and moved north to the Canadian border of Washington state, fleeing the horrific news of World War I and his collapsing family life. Hamilton populated his own territory on a mountain named Trambouee Peak, where he lived amongst the native Salish Indians. During the next ten years of his life, he wrote and published some of his most

turn. Hamilton wrote of a grizzly bear with which he had many encounters: "We are two great spirits, but I wonder which one is greater." The Salish Indians believed that the spirits of Hamilton and his bear collided and became one, or that Hamilton's bear spirit took physical form, and he continues to roam the native forests. Be that as it may, Hamilton's death was not his end.

In the cabin where Hamilton lived on Trambouee Peak, there was a desk at a small window overlooking the beautiful Trambouee Valley. On his desk sat a typewriter, nearly worn away of its ink, his journal, and an unpublished book. These were found by hikers over two years after his disappearance. The book was titled, *Cadiz's Muse*, (Cadiz was the name of his son, named after the fishing boat that picked up Hamilton off the coast of Antarctica). The book was a compilation of over three-hundred poems dedicated to his son. The last entry of his journal read:

I'll know about it, and I'll be happy..."

The following excerpt is from, "Memoirs of the Morning Salish", which is based on Irving Hamilton's travels with the Salish Indians.

from "Memoirs of the Morning Salish"

... cold, plain and mysterious, this being sits upon the light. I recall Shumbaa, sitting late, bruised and tired, under a dimly lit candle on the bridge that connected worlds, every night, every moment, every idiosyncrasy, a sullen meercat's shadow appeared aforn the setting sun. Never saying hello or shaking my hand, probably due to its primal fear of bonfires and the ancient Shumbaa chants that resonate through the valley. But now, as constant and maintained as the meercat, a grizzly cub sits on a peak visible from my bedroom window. Every morning he sits amongst the rising sun, until it has fully risen and then he vanishes into the dense darkness of the forest.

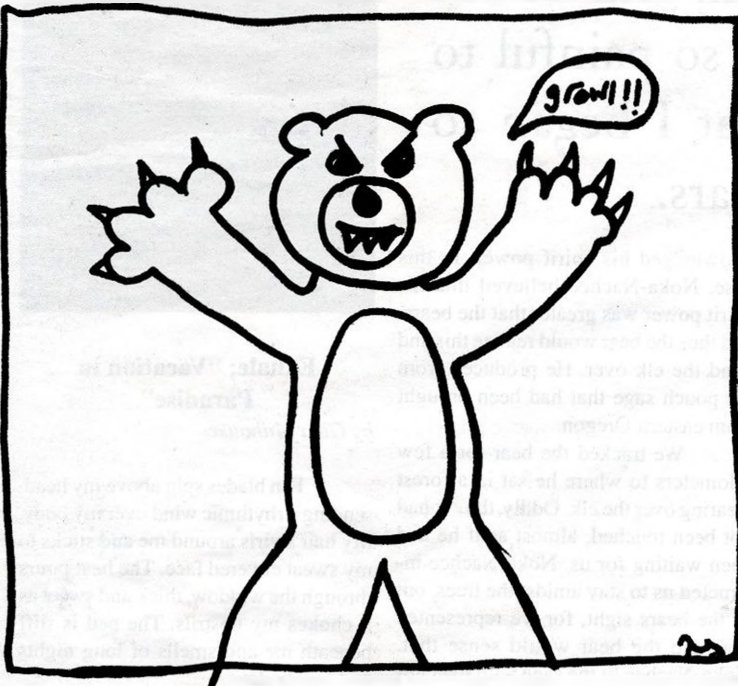
After a few weeks, I took my returning discovery to the Salish Indians, who fish on the nereby Wohn-Ton River, south of the Canadian border. The Salish Indians have been extremely receptive to me, for which I am extremely grateful. I was invited many times to their tribe, but have only accepted once. Many of the tribesman are very kind to me, but I am unsure on how Chief Wohn-Mooh-Nachee percieves a white man coming into their land and violating the santity of their ancient tribe. So I have not returned, but kept friendly contact with them. Pah-Coooh, a young Salish, has been exposed to much western influence as he is capable to speak minor English. He was pulling salmon one after another out of the river, which boggled my mind since it often took me several hours to catch a few days meals. I questioned Pah-Coooh on the grizzly cub. It seems as though many hunters are flocking to the northwest due to large numbers of grizzly in the area, so the cub could of been abandoned by his mother. Pah-Coooh left me with the words, *no chee sohn powwa*, which means, "the bear spirit only comes when summoned." Following the meeting with Pah-Coooh I never saw the bear again, he was no longer greeting me each morning. The bear could have either hibernated due to the early winter, or had been seduced by a hunter. I feared

the latter. I was confident, however, that this was not the case. I had seen no tracks of human invasion, and Noka-Nachee, an elder of the Salish Indians who could track a falcon on a cloudy day, had seen nothing as well. For the next five months the winter came and went.

It was a warm morning as I slept under my sheep-skin on the bright, mid-February morning. I looked up and before my eyes sat a mature, grown grizzly sitting aforn the setting sun. I smiled with gleeful joy as my friend had returned once again. Many days passed and many mornings were gleeful. In mid-March I took a day-long expedition, from noon one day to noon the next, to Watson Post Office about 40 miles south of my cabin. The morning following my return, I was not greeted by the bear, saddened and confused by this I left to bathe in the Clin-Tah Hot Springs about five miles up the valley ridge.

I thought about the bear the entire way to the springs. Clin-Tah Hot Springs are a lovely set of baths surrounded by beautiful spring flowers. One bath is luke-warm, one bath is so hot that it will burn your skin, (amusingly the Indians call it, *kuna uhn tuba*, which means, "no need to bathe") but one bath is just perfect. I bathed and wrote in a journal I bought in Watson for nereby an hour. As I stepped out of the springs I heard branches breaking behind me.

I whipped my head around fearing the worst, and saw just about that. A grizzly bear, four times the size of my fragile body stood looking at me. Interestingly, I noticed something unique (besides the length of his claws and teeth), two white stripes above his eyes. I reflected back on my grammar school days as this being the great mythic character Goliath, but I was sure I couldn't live up to David's good fortune. I stumbled backward and fell against a rock, cornering myself for the kill. I began to observe every milli-second of the bear's movements as he walked slowly toward me, I felt each step he took as it rumbled the ground, his claws hitting the ground like chalk tapping a blackboard. The bear stopped several feet from me and just stared. Raising onto his hind feet, he stood eight feet in the air and let out a god-awful roar so painful to my eardrums that I began to shed tears as it went on for a half of a minute. As he dropped silently to the ground and walked away, not making a noise, my hands still cov-



drawing by Ardy Fatehi

popular and inspirational books. Hamilton now lived in sanctuary in his exiled world, which he referred to as "the pure world."

The cause of Hamilton's death is unknown. The only thing left was his journal, from which we can only make assumptions. On December 7th, 1938, the day of his 70th birthday, Hamilton ventured out into the woods as he always did, but this time, he did not re-

...this morning I was awakened by the morning light, the same light that I saw in Antarctica, the same light I saw in Nepal, the same light I saw in my mother's eyes, and the same light that illuminates the grizzly on the ridge. Now the light is on my face, and I am smiling.

I say goodbye to life and love, I say goodbye to my ancient friends, I thank you. And if the sun sets tonight,

ered my face. I pulled them away to notice his disappearance and I shot up like a bullet. I tip-toed around backward looking for the bear, not realizing where I was.

The Clin-Tah Hot Springs are located atop a steep ridge that drops into a steep incline into the forest as I mentioned earlier. So, without notice, I tip-toed right off the ledge. For the next 500 feet I violated the serenity of the forest by shouting grunts and obscenities while spinning, rotating, and inverting myself through a thick vegetation of ferns and mulch. Luckily this hillside had been burned of its logs many years ago to assist the Salish in their hunts. The exciting trip down the hill was quite lenient on my 66 year-old body. Upon my arrival at the bottom of the hill, I spit up mulch and leaves that had backed up into my stomach, and wiped my body clean of all products of nature.

Upon doing this I looked up to see a group of Salish Indians staring bewilderedly at me. They were tracking the bear and had seen me take my stumble down the hill, and now I stood naked in front of them trying to think of an easy way to explain myself. They told me that was the same bear that had greeted me each morning, since they followed him from my cabin, and the bear happened to follow my exact tracks. So I told them of my encounters with the bear and how I came to bathe in the hot springs. They had little interest in what I was saying since they found it their duty to make fun of me in a language I hardly understood. They showed me an easy passage back to the springs and called me, *noka tah chee*, which translates to, "typical white fool." They left to go chuckle about it back with the tribe, caring little for the bear at this point. I knew the Salish would never look at me the same way again.

That night back at my house amidst a cold spring evening, I was awakened by a group of Salish Indians telling me that I had been chosen (reason unknown) to accompany them on their "hunt." The Salish took great pride in their hunt, and I felt honored to be asked, for it was a distinguished opportunity.

We trekked through the thick old-growth until sunrise, a good four hours later, when random beams of light poked through the forest canopy. Noka-Nachee appeared suddenly from a scouting mission, he had left a couple hours ago and was just now returning.

He had apparently been tracking a large bull elk which had been separated from a herd and now stood 300 meters up a woody incline. To assist him on the pursuit, he chose Pah-Cooch, who was to be educated, and I, who was gazing around like an idiot.

While the others progressed further through the valley, we headed up the woody incline. Noka-Nachee stopped us about 100 meters from the elk, as we could only see it vividly through the thick vegetation. At this point Noka-Nachee halted our movements as he continued on, making sure Pah-Cooch paid close attention to his movements. Noka-Nachee vanished into the trees without a trace, in the op-

the grizzly burst out of nowhere. It stood in its towering stance over Pah-Cooch and the fallen elk and let out its familiar roar, causing Pah-Cooch to stumble away. The bear had observed everything as we had, and now was making his move. The bear fell to his feet, clamped his jaws onto the elk's torso and jaunted into the wooded darkness. This was a rare occurrence, since a grizzly would never feast on an already fallen animal, the kill was their prize.

"Come on, let's kill it," came out of Pah-Cooch's mouth in a boyish shout. Noka-Nachee didn't have such injustice in mind. Noka-Nachee sat Pah-Cooch down and began to speak of the Tamanhous Man, a man who has ac-

The bear stopped several feet from me and just stared. Rising onto his hind feet, he stood eight feet in the air and let out a god-awful roar so painful to my eardrums that I began to shed tears.

posite direction of the elk. Pah-Cooch and I nestled ourselves in the mulch, waiting 45 minutes with nothing happening. Then off in the brush, something did. The elk began moving closer to us, stopping within 20 meters of us, and still no sign of Noka-Nachee. We remained as silent as a broken clock, even considered stopping breath for the sake of the moment. Suddenly the violating sound of a broken branch was heard. My eyes widened along with the elk. Noka-Nachee fell mysteriously from the trees onto the elk's back, and snapped his neck within a near second. Both fell to the forest floor. In a world where white men can only come within shooting distance of an animal, a native can feel the hairs on the animals back.

Noka-Nachee called us over and asked Pah-Cooch to skin the animal, but for Pah-Cooch not to take the spirit, for it was Noka-Nachee's kill. I followed Noka-Nachee for him to show me the origin of the elk's tracks. A thunderous amount of cracking branches was heard behind us and we jerked around to see

knowledge his spirit power. In this case, Noka-Nachee believed that his spirit power was greater than the bears, and thus the bear would realize this and hand the elk over. He produced from his pouch sage that had been brought from eastern Oregon.

We tracked the bear for a few kilometers to where he sat in a forest clearing over the elk. Oddly, the elk had not been touched, almost as if he had been waiting for us. Noka-Nachee instructed us to stay amidst the trees, out of the bears sight, for we represented fear and the bear would sense that. Noka-Nachee lit the sage with matches that I had traded them. He proceeded into the clearing, stopping within five meters of the bear. The closer he got the louder the bears roar. Noka-Nachee began to speak to the animal in a sullen poet's voice. Following the conclusion of the speech they stared for a moment until the bear stood up and walked away. Incredible. The elk was the main feast at the tribe that night, for which I joined.

I found out later what Noka-

Nachee had professed to the bear: "You are my friend, you coexist with me, and you are a powerful spirit, thus I drink from your power. The sage that burns in my hand is my power, which is greater than yours. I will never harm you, for you help us. But this is our kill, your power will be with your kill. So please leave now, friend." The power and essence of a true Tamanhous Man.

The bear was named the "Morning Salish" by the tribe. As they accepted his powerful spirit as a member of the tribe; praying to it, and vowing never to harm it.

So on to another summer, another fall, another winter, and another spring with many more to come, and there was the "Morning Salish," sitting upon the peak each morning. What I wished to learn from life, I learned from the "Morning Salish."

About the Author

Earlier this year, John Dougherty received a class assignment in biology to artfully represent man interacting with nature. He quickly remembered an old friend of his father: a hermit who lived on the Washington-Canadian border.

John wrote this charming story of a man's spiritual kinship with nature and more importantly, the bear and the forest.

Exhale; "Vacation in Paradise"

by Gina Milhauser

Fan blades spin above my head, sending a rhythmic wind over my body. My hair swirls around me and sticks to my sweat covered face. The heat pours through the window, thick and sweet as it chokes my nostrils. The bed is stiff beneath me and smells of long nights and lonely days.

Inhale.

My eyes trace circles around my hotel room, searching for an answer in this impassible chaos. The silence burns my ears. I wish they could bleed.

Exhale.

Clicking through memories, wading through thoughts and ideas of a future that dissolved into nothing with the sound of her voice. So sweet and yet so sad.

Continued on page 32

The Jazz Band at A & C

by Keegan Teinowitz

Did you know that the Arts and Communication Magnet High School in Beaverton has a jazz band? The band is called Kurbsid, and is not your normal school band. No, this is the kind of band you would hear on the radio. You know, with guitars, drums, and a vocalist. They play blues, jazz, and compositions written by band members. They hope to go on tour to Seattle in March or April of this year. There is just so much to know about Kurbsid! For example: who is in the band? Ardy Fatehi on guitar, Scott Johnson on guitar, Charlene James on bass, and Matt Bunza on drums. Who are the vocalists? Jason Rohaly, Erica Hailstone, and Keegan Teinowitz. Who directs the band? Nicole Sisto. The band will be performing at ACHS February 11, 2000.

An Interview with Darcy Schmitt

Have you ever wondered what it would be like to be a singer all of your life? If you're anything like Darcy Schmitt, you probably have. Darcy is a performing jazz vocalist in the Pacific Northwest area. She has traveled all over the US, this summer she toured Japan.

Darcy grew up in Vancouver, Washington and has lived in this area most of her life. She was inspired to start singing by her mother, a professional singer. When Darcy was in the seventh grade she decided that she was going to take vocal lessons, so she showed up on the vocal teacher's doorstep and asked for lessons. This was (of course) all without her mother's knowledge. After about three months of lessons, the teacher asked to be paid. Darcy made a comment about paying her sometime soon. After about a month the teacher called Darcy's mother asking for a check to cover all the lessons. Darcy's mom was not mad; she simply told Darcy to ask before she did anything else.

Darcy's singing is her way of

communicating with the world. Before she started singing she was extremely shy. If you were to meet Darcy today you would not even know she was the same person. She is a loud, sarcastic, and an extremely energetic person who loves life.

After high school Darcy continued her education at Edemans Community College. She sang in a jazz group called *Sound Sensations*. While Darcy was still in college, she started teaching voice at PSU. Soon, she was teaching full time and had to drop out of college. With most of her students being older than her, Darcy said that teaching college courses was a strange experience. In 1994 Darcy decided to go back to school and get her teaching degree. She then started teaching at Battle-ground High School.

When asked why she taught, Darcy replied, "I teach for the joy of it, for the moment they get it, and I can say that it was good." This is also the reason why she sings. Darcy said, "I sing for the moment when I get it right, when I know I did the best that I could

do and
then I'm

happy with it." Darcy says she is bi-sectional, meaning she can sing both alto and soprano. She prefers singing alto, but has her ego wrapped up in the soprano thing.

One of the advantages Darcy has over other singers is that she has a live-in piano accompanist, Bret. Darcy met Bret in high school, when he accompanied her in one of her performances. She knew then that he was one of the best. "They had brought him over from the school for the blind when we did our first concert . . . He's a rain maker." After high school, Darcy thought she had lost track of Bret, but they ended up being at Edemans together. Singing is Darcy's way of communicating, and she sees me happy with that.

This lovely drawing is by Shanyelle King



Jazz, One of the Best Things in the World

If I had to pick one thing to spend the rest of my life immersed in, it would probably be jazz. Either that or chocolate, but this is obviously not an article about chocolate. Jazz has its roots in gospel, which originated with the enslaved African-Americans. It is very much related to the church. Most, if not all, gospel songs are about God.

After gospel came the blues. Blues usually has a very big tone, and tends to be about all of the bad things that can happen in your love life. Aretha Franklin and John Coltrane are two of the biggest names in the business.

Next, jazz came into being. It ranges from happy, upbeat and boppy to so emotionally upsetting and physically degrading it becomes almost too much to take.

Portland (and Oregon in general) has a very lively jazz scene. Oregon is home to multiple jazz festivals, including the Mt. Hood Festival of Jazz and the Jazz on the Water Festival in Newport.

The Crystal Ballroom plays swing, a form of jazz, six nights a week. Most of the bands are pretty good. They range from very well known performers to bands that no one has heard of.

Jazz for me is almost an obsession. You, too, should discover jazz.

All that JAZZ

This film is Butt Uglee

by Jenny McKee

On October 12, 1999, HBO producer, Lisa Marucci came to C.E. Mason to interview our very own student film-maker, Kris Haines. The subject for this interview was Kris' newest claymation film, *Butt Uglee*, which will be premiering on the HBO Family Channel in January of 2000.

This is Kris' fourth short film. It is about a woman named Butt Uglee who has a butt for a head and competes in beauty contests. Butt Uglee is disqualified from her first contest, due to her unusual facial textures. However, she goes on to enter an "alternative" beauty pageant and wins. The moral of the story is that beauty is only skin deep and beauty contests are shallow. Most people agree that it is a very interesting and funny film. But to leave it at that would be ignoring deeper issues of prejudice, superficiality, and the universal truth that beauty goes beyond the surface. Some of the characters include

view, Kris explained how all of his characters came about. Kris said he tries to make all his characters as different as possible so that they are very individual, for example, the gothic girl and the

southern hick. Kris starts with a vision and won't compromise unless he absolutely has to. Kris says, "If you're lucky enough to have an idea in your mind, you should be true to it." Kris does his

best to always stay true to his ideas. Some

people may say he's being picky but hey, he's the one who's a sophomore in high school with a film airing on the HBO Family Channel. Kris' main job

"Pursue your interests, it might become a big part of your life. No negative thoughts!!! If you're really into something, find somewhere you fit into it."

"Some people just can't get it, and some nail it."

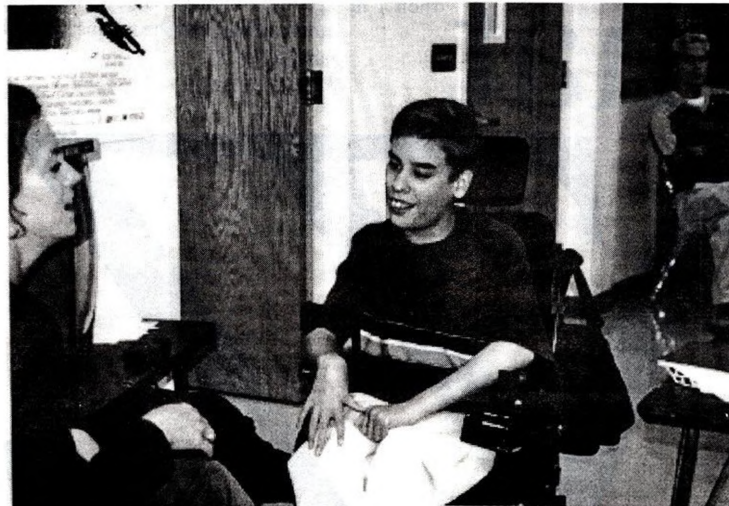
a snob, a valley girl, a Southern hick, a gothic girl, a punk rocker, and a French announcer.

I am one of the people lucky enough to be doing two voices in this film. Mine will be the voice of the gothic girl and of the punk girl. The voice of the French announcer will be done by our beloved 9/10 I.T. teacher, David Sikking.

During Lisa Marucci's inter-



Above & Below; Lisa Marucci and Kris Haines Photographs by Jenny McKee

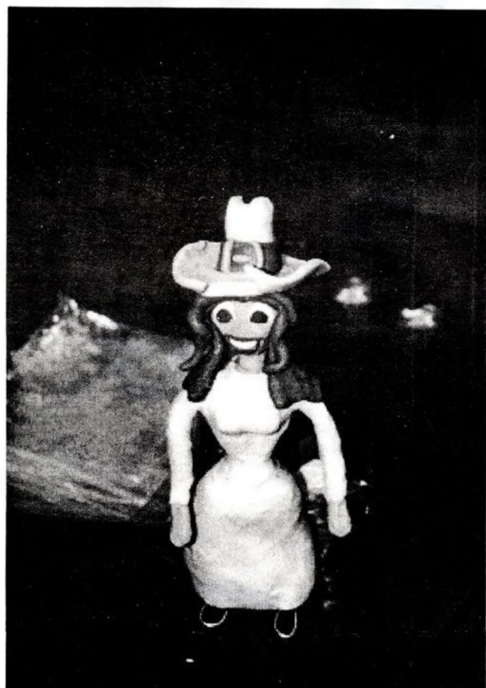


is to direct. He makes sure all the movements in the film are right visually and observes and corrects what's going on in the film-making process. As for audio, Kris considers it to be extremely important to the final project. He auditions people for voices and again, knows exactly what he wants with these voices. First he has the auditioner do a dry run of the lines, then he coaches them for a second one to see if they can do what he wants. "Some people just can't get it, and some nail it." Kris is just as picky with the sound effects, and will sometimes sit for hours trying to find the perfect effect. The right one can completely change the mood of the film and enhance it. Kris says that he could

survive with the wrong sound effects, but the film just wouldn't be as good.

Later in the interview, Lisa asked Kris how he got started in film. He said he's known since he was very young that he wanted to make animated films. He got his "break" when he met Paul Simon at his concert in Portland a few years ago. Kris was about six years

"characters heads fall off or they just fall over all together"



Southern Hick. Photograph by Jenny McKee

tailed and just beautiful. Easy to put together too! Kris says that his grandfather always surpasses even his expectations with the sets. For this film, he built three different sets. A dressing room, catwalk, and a kitchen. They were all wonderful! The catwalk even had little tiny lights along the runway! As for the characters themselves, those are mostly done by Kris' mother. She does an awesome job molding the faces and bodies of these great little clay creatures. sometimes characters heads fall off or they just fall over all together. I imagine it gets hot for them under all those lights. Once, one of Kris'

old and Paul delayed his concert an hour in order to continue his conversation with Kris. He then hooked Kris up with animation film-makers in the area and Kris started learning more about what

characters disappeared completely! Nobody knows, to this day, what happened to that character.

"If you're lucky enough to have an idea in your mind, you should be true to it."

he loved. It took a while to get Kris into film class because most of them were for children twelve and older. He ended up taking private classes from a film-maker in the area that he knew of. That's how he's come so far, so fast. What a lucky break.

When it comes to building characters and sets, Kris can't do it himself but he gets a lot of help from his family. Kris' grandfather builds amazing sets for the films. They're extremely de-

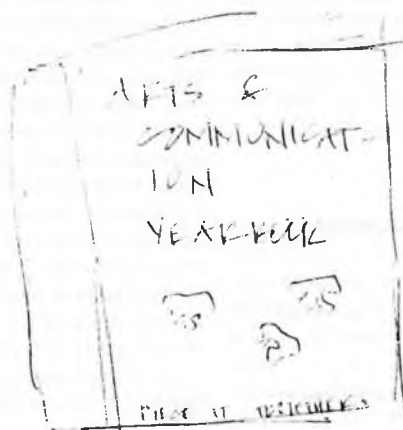
When Kris was asked about his role models, he immediately said the name Will Vinton, the mastermind behind the *California Raisins*. Kris has every intention of going as far as Will did in pursuing this as a professional career. Kris' been animating for a while now, he wants to continue, with help from his family and teachers like

Crispin Rosenkrantz. He's already won awards for all of his films and a \$500 scholarship for his first one. His advice to other young people out there is, "Pursue your interests, it might become a big part of your life. No negative thoughts!!! If you're really into something, find somewhere you fit into it."

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From left; Kris' grandmother, Crispin Rosenkrantz, Dave Coulter, Tyson Wishrock, Kris' grandfather, Lisa Marucci, Kris' mother, Kris' father. Front; Kris Haines. Photograph by Jenny McKee



P P C R N

by Rachael Guyton

Working at a video store, I have the pleasure of watching dozens of movies, free of cost, every month. If I rent something horrible, I've lost only some time. But for the rest of you that isn't the case. So, to save you all some time and effort, I've decided to share with you my opinions on some of the movies I've seen recently. Hopefully you'll enjoy them as much as I did!

Life Is Beautiful

This was one of the most charming films I have had the pleasure of seeing in a great while. It is a foreign film, and contains subtitles, but don't let that discourage you from seeing it. As long as you manage to stick through the first few scenes, where the subtitles go by quickly and are a bit hard to make out, you will find that it was worth waiting out. By the time you're fifteen minutes into the movie you will be swept up by the film, and won't even be thinking of how you're reading subtitles, you'll only be thinking of the story itself.

Life is Beautiful is the story of Guido (Roberto Benigni), a young man of Jewish descent in the late 1930s to 1940s. In the story, he falls in love with a woman who *literally* falls from a window into his arms. He immediately begins to pursue her, trying anything to capture her attention. It's easy to fall in love with his character and you will find yourself rooting him on in his mission to woo the pretty woman, whom he greets with the exclamation of, "*Bonjourno principessa!*" ("Good morning, princess!")

Guido wins the woman's heart and they have a young son together. The happy, light-hearted atmosphere of the characters' world quickly changes, however, as Guido and his son are rounded up, stuffed onto a train, and led

to a concentration camp by the Nazis. It is at this point that the movie really begins. Guido decides to tell his son that it is all a game. He tells him that the entire trip is really an elaborate gift he planned for him on his birthday. He goes so far as to convince the boy that the Nazis are only acting and that whoever "wins" the game receives a giant tank, the boy's favorite toy. The mother insists on following her family and is put on the train as well. Upon arrival, she is immediately led away to the opposite side of the camp. Guido spends the rest of his time there trying to save his child from the horrors around him, and attempting to keep in touch with his wife whom he is unable to see. The sheer love and courage displayed in the film is extremely moving and inspiring, and it is wise to keep a box of tissues nearby when watching this movie.

Roberto Benigni took a wonderfully humane look at the Holocaust and gave it personal significance. It is hard to remain detached viewing historical tragedy when you are faced with the hearts and emotions of those involved, even if they are fictional in origin. Don't fear though, the movie is not all tissues and tears. There is a magnetic and charming appeal to Benigni that he brings to both his character and to the film itself and, in the end, this is what saves the movie from becoming too sad and makes it to so enjoyable to watch.

This movie is just darn good. I give it five big fat stars.

Xiu Xiu

Xiu Xiu is the directorial debut of actress Joan Chen (*The Last Emperor*, *Heaven and Earth*, *Twin Peaks*), and a fine one at that. The movie contains some flaws, but as a debut it is just short of a masterpiece.

Banned in China for its political content, it is a movie with a mes-

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DVD: The Video of the Future

More and more, people are renting DVDs rather than videos. But in case you're one of the few people left who have never watched one, or if you have recently received a DVD player and are just unsure of where to begin, here is a brief crash course that will, hopefully, help you on your way.

DVDs are slowly but surely inching their way into every video store around the country. And for good reason too. The list of goodies that they come with is impressive; not to mention just the clearer picture and higher sound quality of DVDs compared to VHS. You can watch *Ghostbusters* in all its original wide screen "who 'ya gonna call?" glory. Heck, you can even hear it in Spanish.

A great example of the benefits of DVD is the movie *Shogun*. Even with the opposition it faced in its own country, the film managed to take in eight major awards around the world.

During the years between 1967 and 1976, Mao Tse-tung (China's communist leader) proposed what he called the Educated Youth Program. In this program, young Chinese boys and girls were taken from their families in the city and "sent down" to remote regions of China and Tibet in an attempt to even out class divisions between the rural and urban populations. In truth, children "sent down" were simply put to work and forgotten. As riots and rebellion began to break out, the program crumbled, and many children were never given the chance to come home. This is what happens to the main character of this film, Wen Xiu (nick-named Xiu Xiu by her friends). Xiu Xiu is sent down to Tibet to learn herding from a man named Lao Jin (played by Tibetan actor Lopsang) who cares for her right up to the end. Once in Tibet Xiu Xiu begins to hear of the other children rebelling. She is also told that she will never be brought home, the only children who are sent home are those who either have connections through their families or make connections with important men. In other words, they are raped. Since Xiu Xiu has no connections, she tragically takes the other path and loses her innocence, believing that this is what she must do to go home.

The movie's ending is ex-

actly that you can receive from DVDs is the recently re-released *Wizard of Oz*. On DVD, it not only comes with closed-captioning, but it also gives you the chance to see *Wizard of Oz* with the quality of clear, vibrant images and sounds it was originally made to be seen with. Even more impressive are the other added features, such as original theater trailers for the film, an entire behind-the-scenes documentary, interviews with cast members, original sketches of sets and costume designs, and excerpts of previous versions of *Oz* including a silent film and rarely before seen newsreels. You can even see out takes of the film, one of which including actors dancing the jitterbug. Lastly, you even get the added pleasure of see-

ing the radio broadcast of first-ever public performance of "Over the Rainbow." All of this plus the actual film, and all for the same price as renting it newly released on VHS.

In case that isn't enough reason for you, or if you're just still not sure of what to rent first for your DVD player, you might as well start with what other people are renting. Here is a list of Amazon.com's top ten best-selling DVDs (as of Dec. 28th, 1999).

1. American Pie
2. The Matrix
3. The Thomas Crown Affair
4. The Shawshank Redemption
5. Saving Private Ryan
6. Austin Powers, the Spy Who

for a happy ending. I would, however, recommend it to anyone wary and tired of the explosions and special effects of action movies, and are looking for a film that will make a real impression on them.

Playing By Heart

I absolutely love this movie. I saw it originally in the theaters when it first opened last January. At the time

- Shagged Me**
7. South Park: Bigger, Longer, and Uncut
8. Top Gun
9. Blade Runner
10. Tarzan.

Hopefully, you now have a good idea of what DVDs have to offer and whether they are right for you. Considering the numerous features they offer, and the low price of rental costs, they're definitely worth the \$3.49. Trust me, I have one at home myself.

actors in it; including Angelina Jolie, Sean Connery, Gena Rowlands, Ryan Phillippe, Jay Mohr, Dennis Quaid, Anthony Edwards, and last but not least, Madeline Stowe. As if the wonderful acting were not enough, the plot itself is surprisingly good; especially considering how many people I've met that have never even heard of it.

The writing for this movie is excellent. Clever, funny, and moving all at the same time, it catches you from the opening scene right up until the end. *Playing By Heart* manages to balance romantic comedy and drama in such a way that the old cliché, "you'll laugh you'll cry" truly does apply here. It handles the issues of AIDS, love, relationships, trust, and patience all with the same care and compassion and still finds a way to make you laugh, leaving the viewer with a good feeling in the end.

Playing By Heart takes the viewer through the daily trials and tribulations of eight seemingly unrelated characters. It even leads up to an actual happy ending (something that has to be done pretty darn well to win my vote), with a few pleasant twists and turns that will keep you guessing as to how they are connected to each other, if at all.

As Joan (Angelina Jolie) says, "Talking about love is like dancing about architecture." This movie, however, seems to manage just fine. I have rarely seen love addressed in such a real, honest, and mature way before. This

KEY

*=For the love of God, don't see this movie...

**=Okay, if you're really bored, go ahead and see this movie, but don't blame me if it causes even your pets to run in horror...

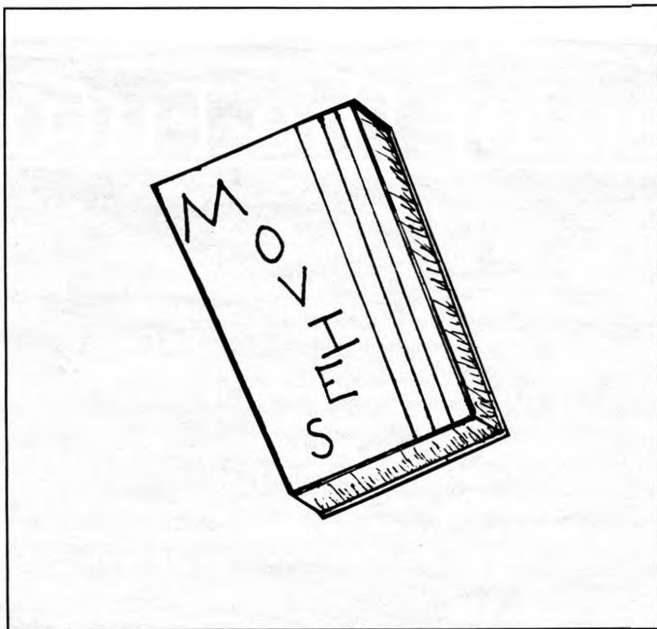
***=This movie isn't bad enough to cause you any actual physical pain and it's an okay pick for a Friday night movie-fest...

****=This movie is good & worth the money...

*****=This movie will rock your world...

I recommend this movie to someone looking for a happy ending. I would, however, recommend it to anyone wary and tired of the explosions and special effects of action movies, and are looking for a film that will make a real impression on them.

movie really is just plain enjoyable. I would recommend it to just about anyone. It's definitely worth fighting a little traffic on your way to the video store, so don't miss it! *****



Elizabeth

This is, by far, one of the best movies I have ever seen. It gets better every time I watch it. The acting, the writing, the directing, and the cinematography surpasses nearly every film I've seen in the past.

The shining star of the movie is Cate Blanchett, an extremely talented and, until recently, relatively unknown actress. She portrays her character's strength and vulnerability effortlessly, transforming into her role so deeply that you almost feel as if you really are looking at a young Queen Elizabeth.

Even forgetting about Blanchett's skill as an actress, there is still the story itself and, more importantly, how well it is told. Each scene is imbued with beauty and emotion, especially the one that takes place in the Vatican. It is filmed so well it actually resembles a painting. There are some extremely unique and creative camera angles in the movie that are so good, they would make the film worth watching even if it were put on mute. Artistically speaking, this is the best movie I've seen in years.

The movie is a little long, especially if you have a hard time sitting for a long period, so don't rent it if you are in a hurry and only looking for a good, short film. I suggest this movie as one to watch when you're either by yourself or just with one or two other people and you have all night to enjoy it. That way, in case you get tired, you can pause it and take a break. If you're like me, though, you won't need to. The story

is long, but it's not overdone, which is usually what makes a long movie painful to sit through. This is not the case with *Elizabeth*. Historically accurate, and skillfully told, it is not only a fascinating film to watch, it is a beautiful one as well. This is not a movie to be missed. *****

Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me

If you're saying to yourself right now, "Okay Rachael, yeah I'm sure all these dramas and foreign films are great . . . but how about a good, mindless comedy!" then this is for you. This movie made me laugh so hard I think I came close to a brain aneurysm. Of course *Austin Powers* doesn't exactly run high up on the intellectual scale of films, but I doubt that it was really meant to anyway. The trick to a movie like this is not to sit and search for a meaningful plot because, trust me, you won't find one. If you put yourself in the right frame of mind, however, this movie is just as worthy of your time as any other film, simply for the fact that laughter does you mighty good.

In *The Spy Who Shagged Me* Dr. Evil is unfrozen again, along with Mr. Bigglesworth (that pitiful, bald cat). He determines that the reason he is always beaten by Powers is that he has what Dr. Evil refers to as "mojo," the "life-force," the "essence," or "what the French call a certain . . . I don't know what . . ." He decides to go back in time to steal it from him while he's helpless and frozen. To help him is a spy by the name of "Fat Bastard" (played

by Mike Myers who also plays the roles of both Austin Powers and Dr. Evil). But before he travels back in time, he is given a pleasant surprise. While he was frozen, the man whom he calls "Number Two" created a clone of Dr. Evil that was exactly like him in every way . . . except one-eighth his size. It is from this that Mini-Me is created, complete with his own Mini-Mr. Bigglesworth.

Both Dr. Evil and Mini-me then travel back to the sixties where they successfully steal Austin Powers' mojo. Predictably enough, Powers isn't too happy about this and decides to follow them. There's really not much more to say that that since, as you can probably guess, there's not a whole lot of plot involved here. Nevertheless, the movie is unbelievably funny and all I can really

say about it is that you're just going to have to see it for yourself.

Mike Myers seems to get crazier with every movie and I still cannot quite understand how he ever acted out those characters without bursting out laughing half-way through every scene. Even so, this movie is a necessity for anyone in need of a good break from gloom. If you catch yourself bored one night, and you still have not seen this movie, go grab a friend or two and rent this movie. Just don't drink too many liquids before-hand or else you will be pressing pause often, if you catch my drift. This movie is my bag baby, I give it five stars. *****

Rachael's Movie Picks

With the amount of films released every year on video, it's easy to understand how people sometimes miss some, often unknowingly letting great movies slip through their fingers un-enjoyed. Other times it's the fact that we just don't have the time for a one-day rental and don't even know which one to rent in the first place. If that's the case with you, don't fret, below is a list of movies both old and new, all five evening (five days for all of you Hollywood Video shoppers), and all highly recommended by yours truly. So, whether you're seeing one of the films below for the first time, or just revisiting an old favorite of your own, put the popcorn in the microwave and pull out the remote and enjoy...

Amistad
The Opposite of Sex
Chasing Amy
American History X
Dangerous Beauty
Schindler's List
The Shawshank Redemption

Primal Fear
Trainspotting
Liar Liar
Kundun
So I Married an Axe Murderer
The Last Emperor
The Ref
Silence of the Lambs
Beloved
Philadelphia
Hellcab
Waking Ned Devine
A League of Their Own
When Harry Met Sally
Out of Sight
Addicted To Love
Losing Isaiah
What's Eating Gilbert Grape?
One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest
Rainman

I know that I left out dozens of fantastic movies, and some on this list are better than others, but hopefully there will be at least one that turns out to be a good pick for you. So, happy couch-potato-movie-watching times from me to you...

Six Easy Ways

to make your experience

at the video

store a

good one!

by Rachael Guyton

Since I began working at Blockbuster Video this summer I've learned three important things. One: people REALLY do not like waiting in lines. Two: be prepared to duck and cover when a customer finds out that they have a late fee after having waited in said lines. Three: at least 75% of the population still does not understand the tracking device on their VCR, let alone how to rewind their video. So, for the betterment of society (and to make my pesky part-time job easier) I've decided to help y'all out a little here. While I can't do anything about the lines, I can let you all in on a few ways to make the whole process easier. So take out a pad of paper and get ready to take notes . . .

1. More often than not, when someone receives a late fee, it's for returning the video just one day late. There is indeed a reason behind this, and it's what I like to call "two and five evening rental confusion." If there's one thing you keep in mind next time you go to the video store, let it be this - two evenings means one day. Five means four. I know, sneaky, but that's the way it goes. So do yourself a favor next time you rent and remember that just because the video has the number two on the front, doesn't mean that you have two days to get it back.

2. While we're on the subject of late fees, let me give you another piece of advice. Newly released videos now cost \$3.49 each, but the late fee for that movie would be \$2.99 a day. So, if you've really got your little heart set on keeping that puppy one extra day, it would be more cost-efficient for you to pay the late fee than it would be to bring it back and check it out all over again. This is especially true considering that all five evening video rentals are only \$1.99 each day that they're late, whether they're new or not. However, if you do want to keep it five extra days, don't get Blockbuster Video and Hollywood Video mixed up. Hollywood doesn't make you pay per day for those five evenings, but Blockbuster does. So

it is a whole HECK of a lot better for you to just come back in and re-rent that sucker.

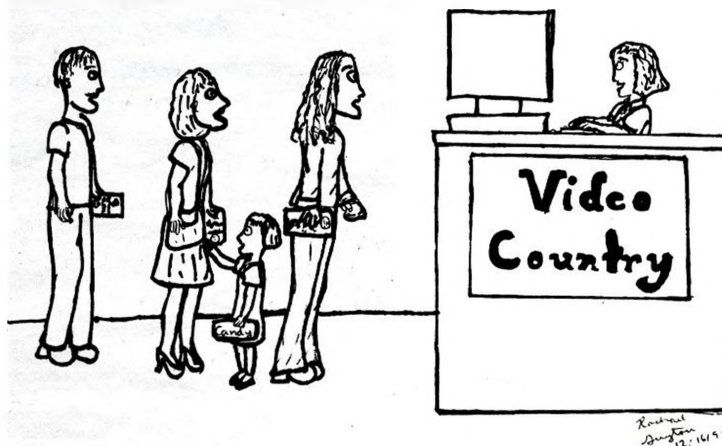
3. This next tidbit of friendly advice is something you all might want to pay extra attention to. Having seen so much of my friends' and family's money go the way of the dinosaur due to late fees, I've realized most people really don't know how quickly a late fee rises. If you checked out a video off of the new release wall and brought it back just six days late, you'd hve the whop-

ping joy of a \$17.94 late fee to face on your next visit. So, for the sweet love of money, don't underestimate a late fee.

4. Above all else, when returning a video, DO NOT return it to a different store. And, if you do and receive a call, remember number three on our list and take care of it right away or, before you know it, you'll have a late fee so big it'll make you want to curl into the fetal position beneath the covers of your bed and call for your mommy.

5. One simple thing many people seem to ignore is the actual placing of the video in the drop box. You know the drill. It's a busy Saturday night, the store's packed, and you can't for the life of you see where the darn drop box is. Meanwhile, your ever-so considerate friend is honking from the car and waving at you to hurry up, so you leave the video on the counter thinking, "Eh, they'll see it, no big deal . . ." Well sure, it might not be a big deal if everyone in the world were honest, but they're *not*. If some kid short on cash walks in and sees a video hanging out on the counter and no one's looking, what do YOU think he's going to do with it? Take it, that's what. And who do you think is going to get the late fee for that missing video? That's right, YOU will. So, unless you like paying money for a video you don't have, drop it in the box.

6. All of this said, there's one last thing I have to suggest to you all. Before you actually check out your video and "go home happy" like in the commercials, you should make sure that the video you just grabbed is actually what was supposed to be there. If I had a dollar for every time a customer takes a movie, decides they don't want it anymore, and puts it back in a completely different spot, I'd be richer than Bill Gates. I can remember several times where I've told a customer that their movie would be due back on a certain day and their face would shoot up and they'd say, "What movie did you just say?" realizing that someone had put the wrong video behind the box. In addition to that, while all employees are expected to check inside the box before renting to a customer, there are nights when it is so busy you can't think straight so it's a good idea to check for yourself if the right tape is in the box just in case the frazzled employee forgets. If you keep all of these things in mind, I guarantee renting videos will be easier and we can all, "go home happy."



STUBBLE AND HORROR

An Article of Facial Hair and Doom



by Scott Johnson

One of the most overlooked aspects of the malehuman is stubble. We have all seen this unshaven scrappy phenomenon. The question is "why does it exist?" To look older, cooler, smoother. The easy answer isn't that most of us guys are just lazy, (well for me it is), but some actually do have a reason. So to find this reason I asked the first stubbled unshaven face that I saw. David Sikking stood before me in a green sweater and old blue jeans, but the feature I noticed most was his unshaven mug. This guy's face is always unshaven. As a teacher that can't be very professional. So I asked him why it was that he always had this scrappy beard going on. His answer was simple. The guy only shaves once a week cause he thinks the stubble enhances his facial features. He says it just plain makes him look better. Next I turned to a majestic young man, intelligent and friendly, with a scrappy goatee, a leader in an old faded black hoody and a Dead Kennedy's shirt. His response was basically that the stubble thing just made him think of someone that got really wasted the night before and woke up late so they couldn't shave. As I write

this article I regret it, and using my creative voice and the fact that I got to a communication and art school, I reject the idea behind this article and will talk about something else until I get tired of that and begin talking about stubble once more.

Now this article is partly about my pick for the top ten horror flicks of all time. First off, I'd like to say that these movies span many different genres: suspense, splatter, classics, and cheesy ones you rent when you want a good laugh, "B" movies. Well, here we go.

10. *Hellraiser*. Somewhat of a gore fest, but Pinhead is one scary cenobite. Clive Barker did a great job with this one. The FX, and the way you are showed little parts of the story at a time is very effective. That, and the puzzle box is killer.

9. What list is complete without the original black and white classic, *Night of the Living Dead*? I know, we've all seen the zombie thing a thousand times, but this one was one of the firsts. Decent effects for the time, and plenty of things jumping out at you makes this a great film. I mean, it shows zombies eating intestines! I don't know about you, but I can't touch a greasy pepperoni pizza while watching this flick.

8. *Noseferatu*. Now that was creepy . . . Hey, if a fanged bald dude

with pointy ears and nasty long fingers with claws at the end was chasing me around, I'd run. It may be a little cheesy, but give me *Nosferatu* over *Urban Legend* any day.

7. *The Omen*. This classic story of a child possessed by Satan may be slow in parts, but is all around a good movie. There are no two ways about it: a kid who kills people is creepy!

6. Creepy kids bring me to my next pick, *Village of the Damned*. This movie (also remade quite well) is just plain scary. Kids with eyes that light up who force the adults of the town to kill themselves when they are mean . . . well, it taught me to be a good parent.

5. *Evil Dead 2*. A better remake of the first *Evil Dead*, this classic hit is second in a series of three and will teach you not to read books made out of human skin and written in blood.

4. The ultimate in Tex Mex terror, this movie taught me never to eat BBQ at a gas station. Cannibalism, nasty old people, and a nut case in a leather face mask. Yep, *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* is the movie to watch before you go on a road trip. With a lot of gore and a few surprises, this movie is a masterpiece. Hey, I don't know about you, but for me personally, chainsaw wielding cannibal hicks with names like Leather Face scare me.

3. *Alien*. The sci-fi horror romp that ignited fear in the hearts of all who watched. It has it all: monsters, explo-

sions, spaceships, killer robots, bursting chests, and then some. Not to mention the suspense. This is just a great horror film.

2. *The Exorcist*. This movie about a possessed little girl sent many people running back to church. The makeup is fantastic, and the dialogue is great. This movie will continue to scare people for all time. You can be of any age and any background, all you have to do is turn of the lights and turn this movie on. C'mon, a pea soup-spitting girl with a 360-degree head turning capability is a little spooky.

1. Finally, here it is. After reading through my opinions and ramblings, it's my number one horror movie. This list may have had some things you didn't agree with and it was hard putting my favorite movies in order, but this one by John Carpenter made on a 3,000,000 dollar budget has always been my favorite. It's *Halloween*. This movie is believable and scary with not too much gore and plenty of suspense. This is true horror. A kid kills his sister and a man escapes from a mental ward to return to his hometown and kill again. It's great. The topper is the mask, though. Anyone can dress up as "the shape" as they called it and look like the killer in the movie. It's great because there are people like this guy out there, knowing that is what makes this movie believable and the number one horror movie of all time.

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Inhale. "Careful of the fumes girl, they can be poisonous."

Watching the fan blades spin, round and round again. I reach my hands up to touch them, but come short. I'm too far away from home to give a damn.

Exhale.

Gina tapped her pen idly on the paper and looked at the ceiling fan above her. What was that word again? She didn't know. She let out a long breath and turned her eyes back to the notebook. Think girl, think. Time is running out and the clock isn't on your side. But what was that word? She bites her lip and starts to write again.

The waves beat the rocks beneath me without mercy, sending a rhythmic spray of water across my face. The air tastes of salt. "Grit your teeth and pretend you don't notice. Maybe if they're naive they will believe you."

Breathe in, Breathe out.

The wind threatens to blow me from my perch and throw me to the clouds. I put my face to the wind and purse my lips. There's that salt again.

Gina let her hand slowly lower to the window sill. A warm tear burned a path down her cheek. She leaned her head against the glass and choked down a whimper. "I remember that word now, but I just can't do this anymore."

The air conditioner whirs beside me, filling the hotel room with an icy breeze that floats through the curtains and across my face. I slip my tongue through my parted lips. Try to lick the salt away. "Is it sweat or the sea?" I don't know.

Inhale. "It wasn't supposed to be this way."

Exhale. "Maybe not, but it doesn't matter anymore."

About the Author
Last summer, Gina Milhauser vacationed in Hawai'i with her family. One day she left her dying grandfather slipped into a coma. On the morning of the fourth day of their vacation, before they were scheduled to go on a boat trip, Gina's grandmother called her family. The sorrowful message was that her grandfather had died during the night. Her grandmother had been out of the room and never had a chance to say goodbye. With this raw emotion, Gina wrote this beautifully heartfelt, poetic piece of writing.



Drawing by Scott Johnson

UNTIL NEXT TIME . . .

